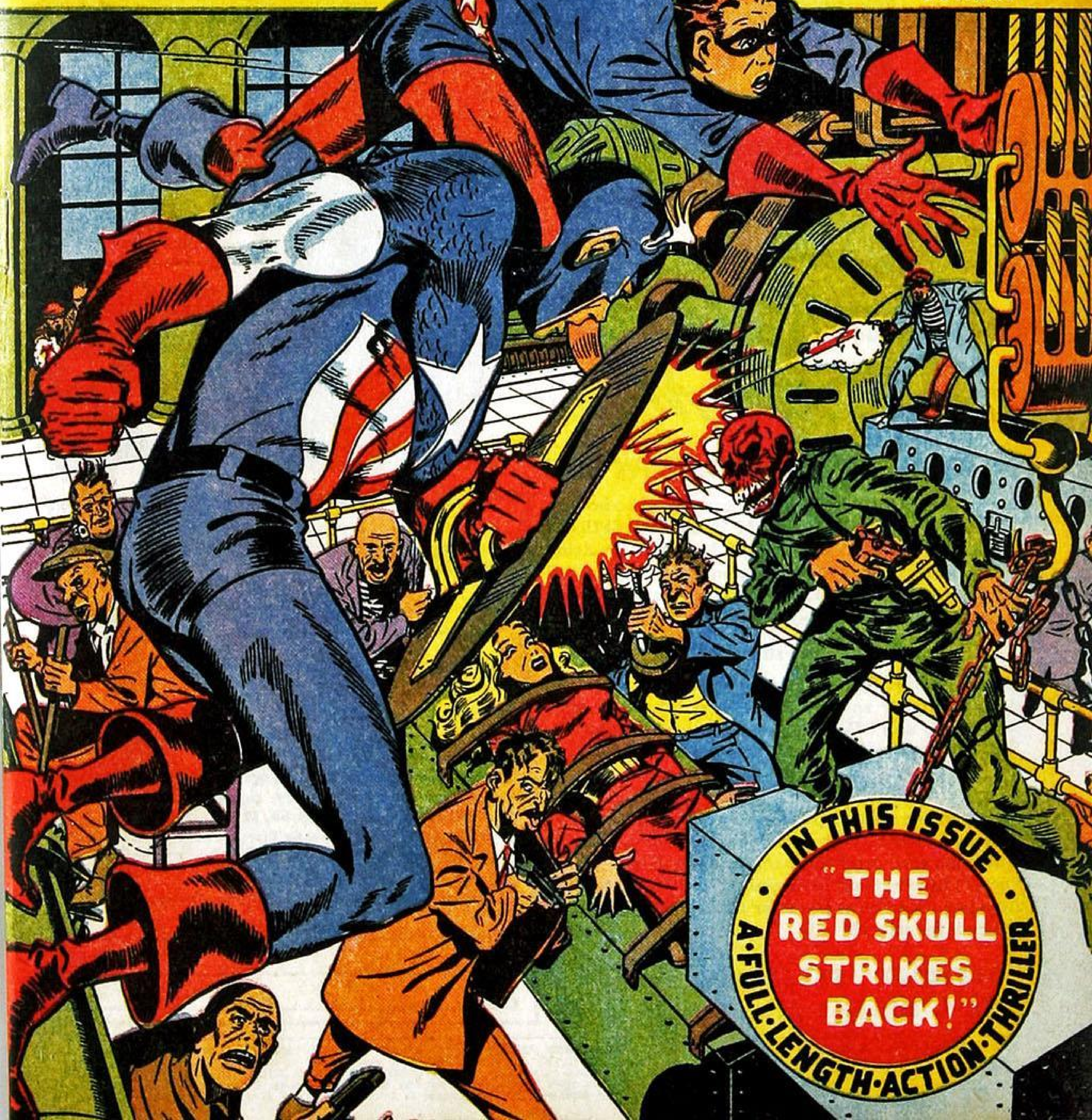
A MARVEL MAGAZINE

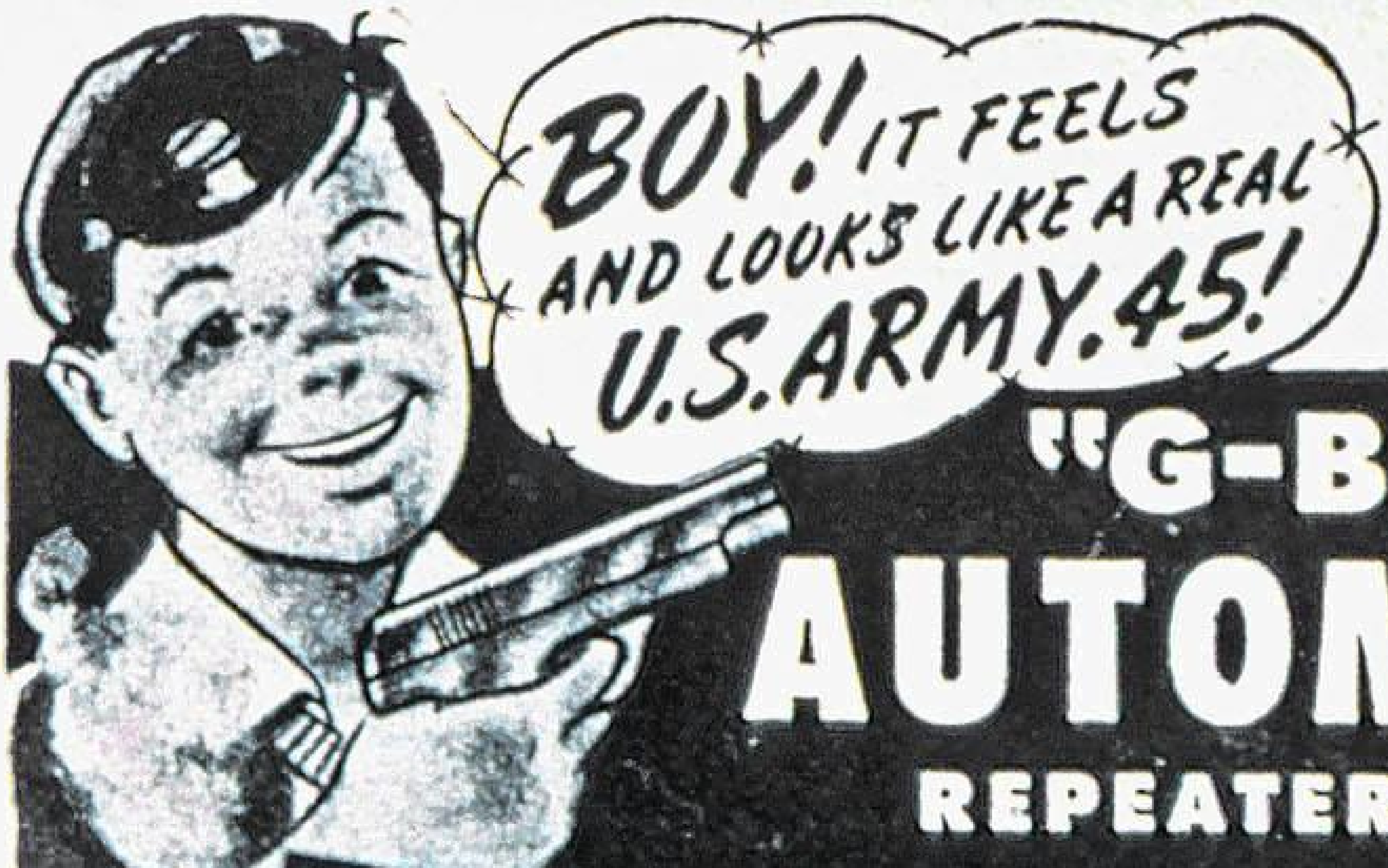
CAPTAIN AMERICA

10¢

NO. 61

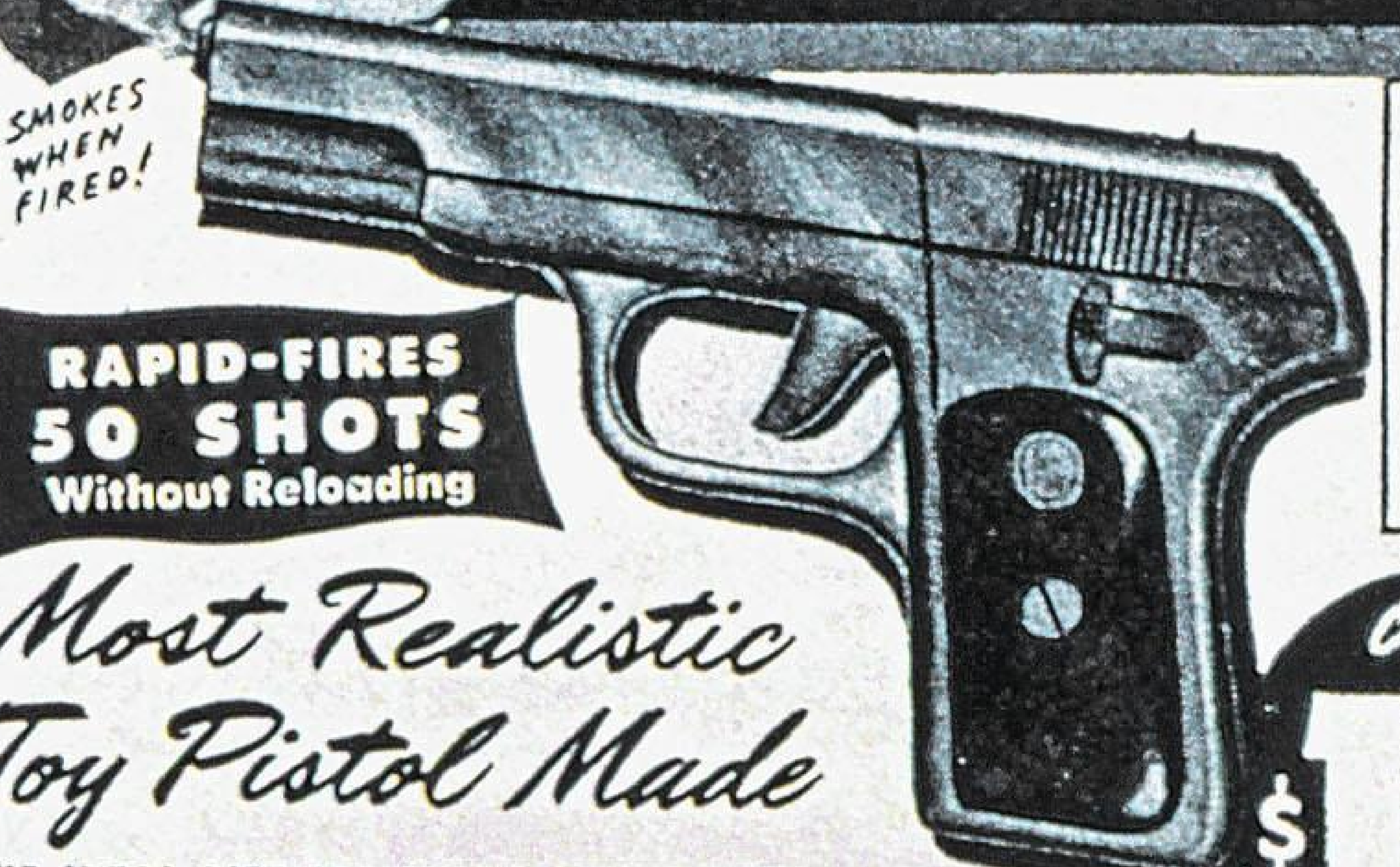
COMICS


IN THIS ISSUE
"THE RED SKULL STRIKES BACK!"
A·FULL·LENGTH·ACTION·THRILLER


BOY! IT FEELS AND LOOKS LIKE A REAL U.S. ARMY .45!

THE *new* MODEL

"G-BOY" AUTOMATIC
REPEATER PISTOL


SMOKES WHEN FIRED!

"Breaks" Open for Breech Loading

Snap—it's open. Load up with roll caps. Snap—it's closed and ready for action!

RAPID-FIRES 50 SHOTS Without Reloading

Most Realistic Toy Pistol Made

Only $1.95

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR EVERY ACTIVE BOY!

Zowie—this is it, kids! A cap repeater pistol so honest-to-pete *real-looking*, IT EVEN SMOKES WHEN FIRED! It's modeled after the .45's used by American Army officers and clever G-Men. Beats any gun you ever had for playing Soldier, Marine or Gang-Buster. Wait'll your pals see it in action—you'll be tops with the crowd!

Shoots fast—shoots LOUD!

"Break" it open for easy loading—snap it closed—aim, pull the trigger and fire away! What a thrill! Because with dandy new "G-Boy" Automatic, you can *keep* firing—50 times without stopping for more "ammo"!

Absolutely Safe to Use!

A toy you can trust! Caps are *safely enclosed* by cover to prevent accidents. Gun is made of die-cast white metal with tempered steel mechanism. Even has a plastic "pearl" handle. Send for amazing "G-Boy" Automatic Repeater Pistol now! *Use it for ten days.* If not pleased return it for refund.

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AMMUNITION

1750 Rounds "Sure-Fire" Caps

35 rolls of 50 caps each—all for $1

SEND NO MONEY-RUSH COUPON TODAY!

"OFFICIAL" SALES COMPANY, Dept. 0-7
2323 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, Ill.

☐ Send me "G-Boy" Automatic Pistol, $1.95. ☐ With Roll Caps, $2.95. If I am not pleased with pistol, I can return it in 10 days for refund.
☐ I will pay postman C.O.D., plus postage.
☐ I enclose check or money order; you pay postage.

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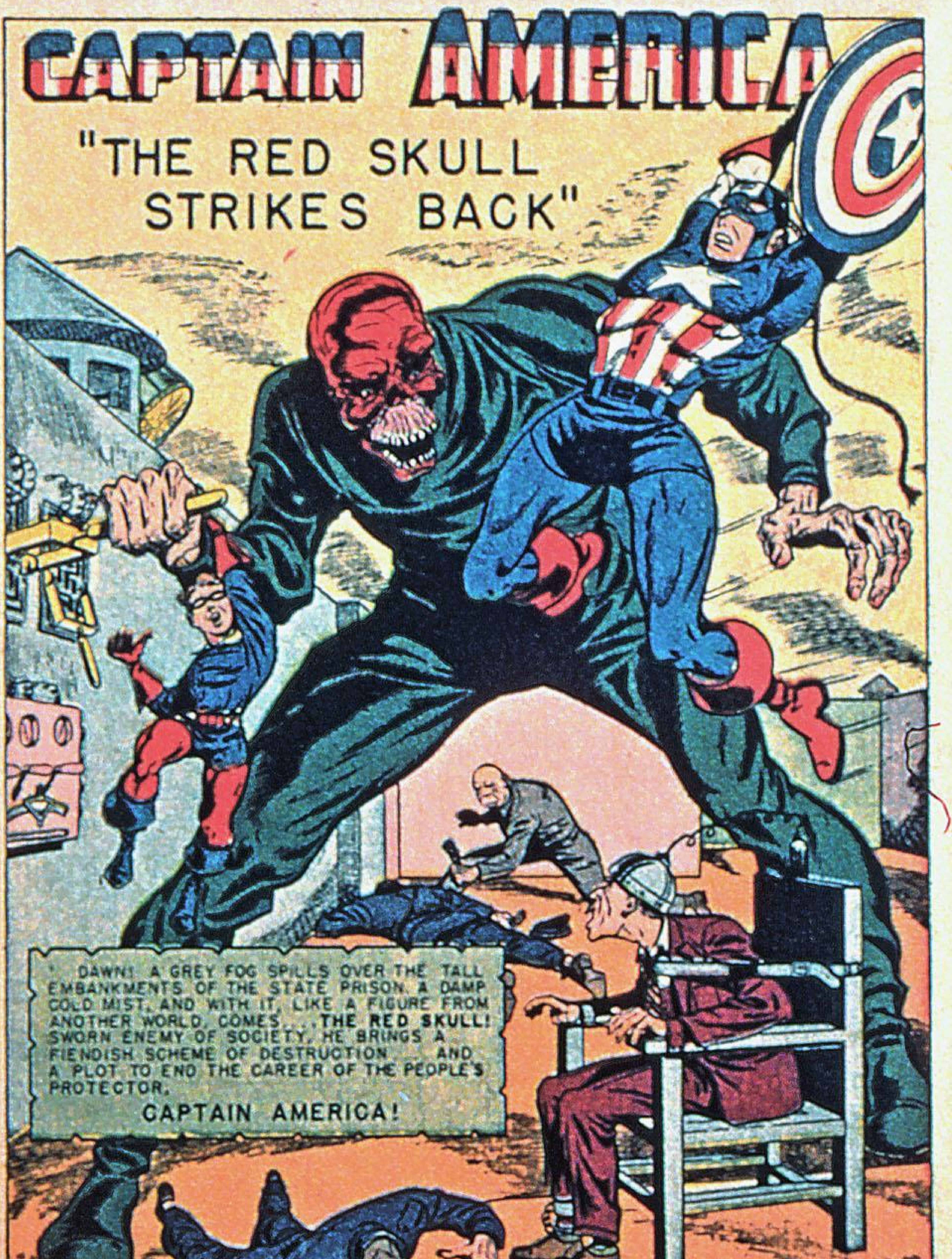
CAPTAIN AMERICA
"THE RED SKULL STRIKES BACK"
DAWN! A GREY FOG SPILLS OVER THE TALL EMBANKMENTS OF THE STATE PRISON. A DAMP COLD MIST, AND WITH IT, LIKE A FIGURE FROM ANOTHER WORLD, COMES . . . **THE RED SKULL!** SWORN ENEMY OF SOCIETY, HE BRINGS A FIENDISH SCHEME OF DESTRUCTION . . . AND A PLOT TO END THE CAREER OF THE PEOPLE'S PROTECTOR, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
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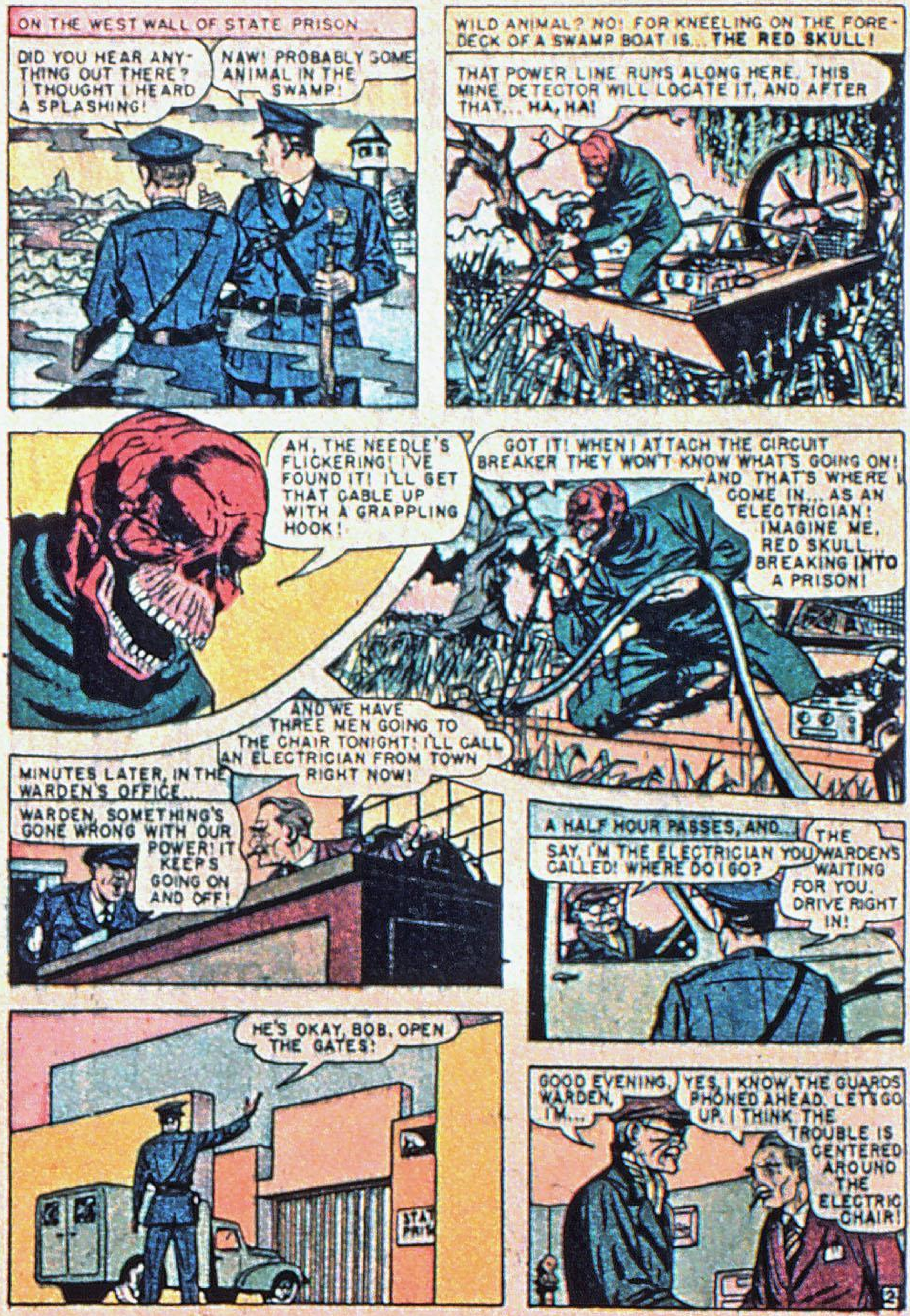
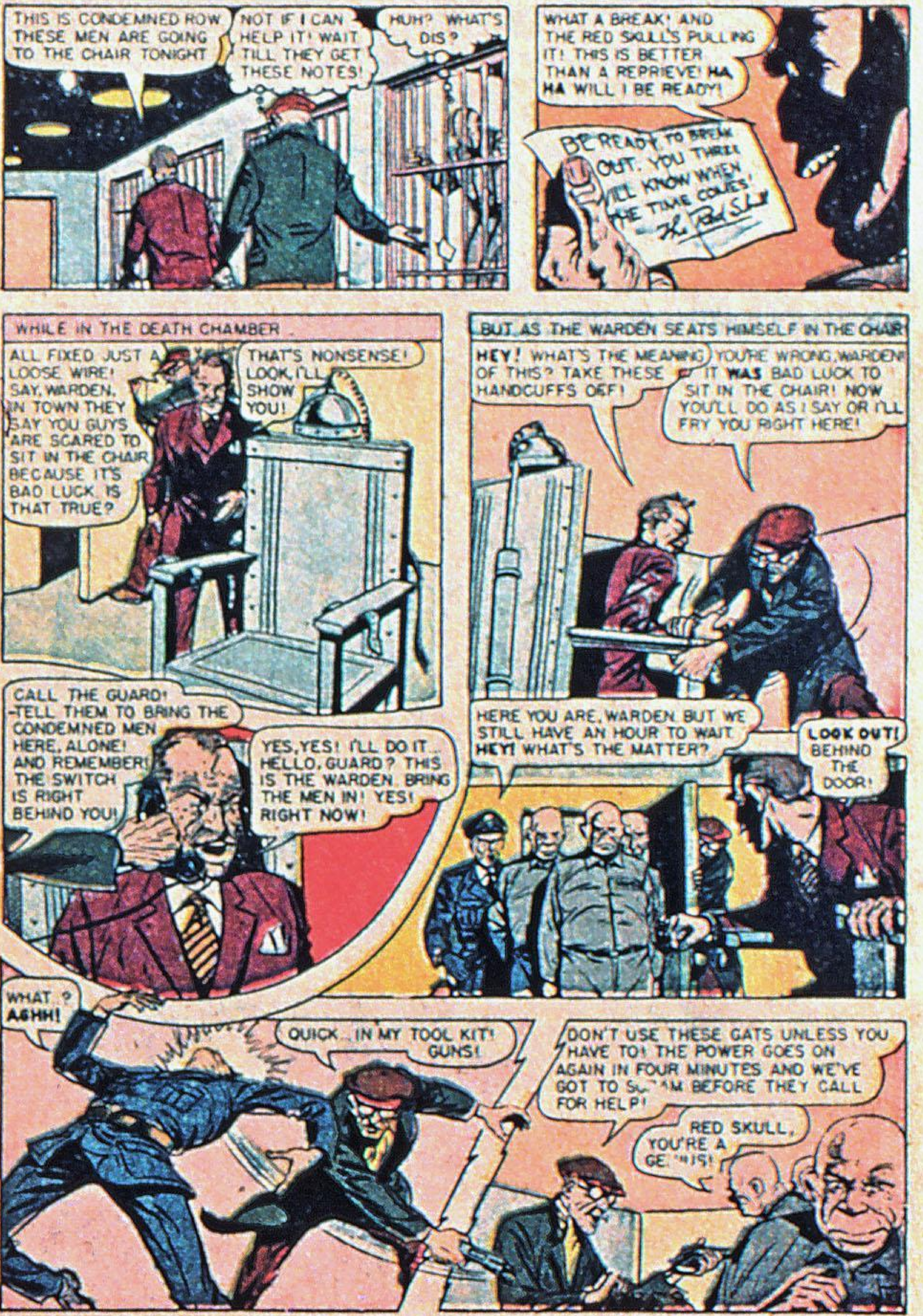
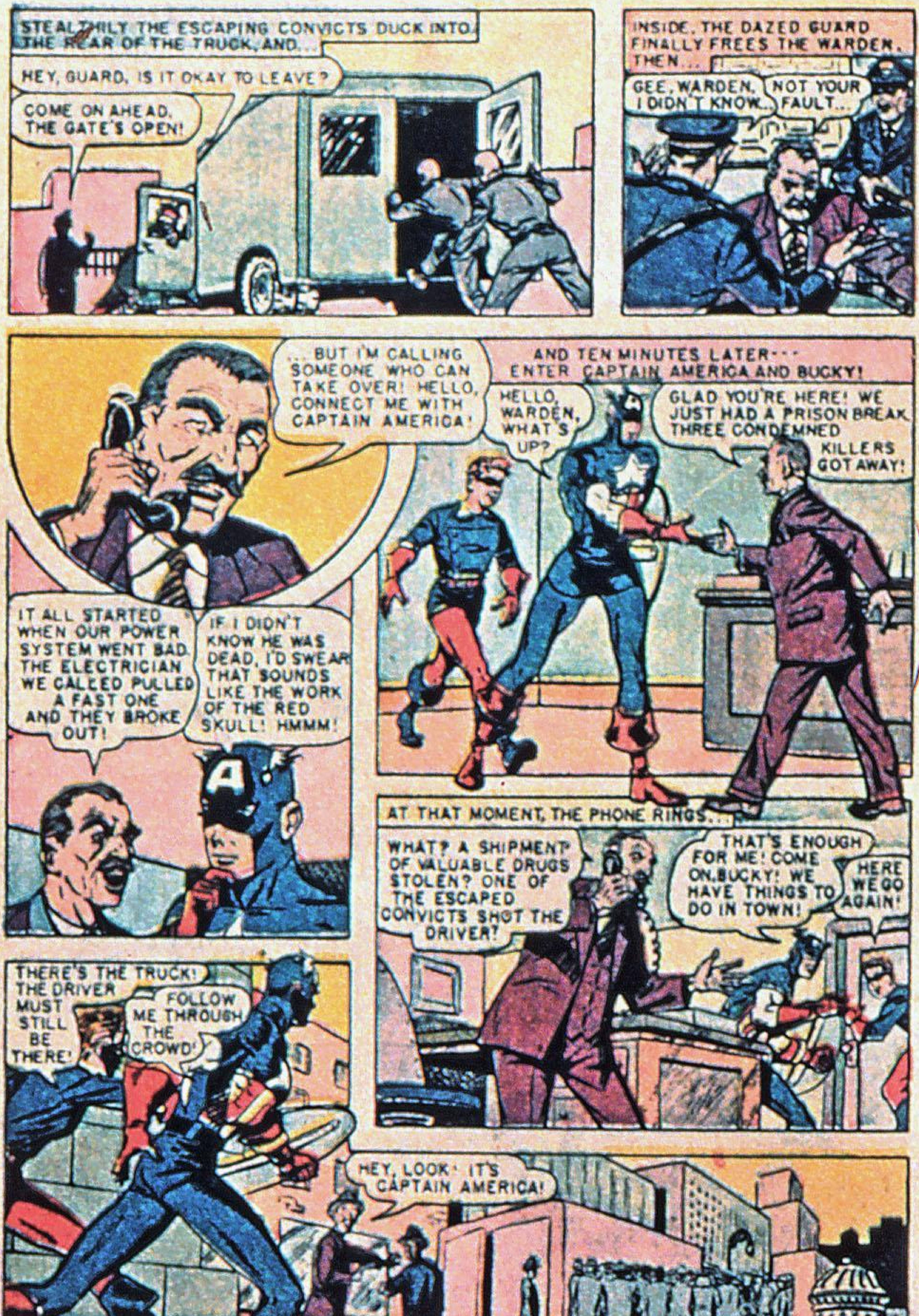
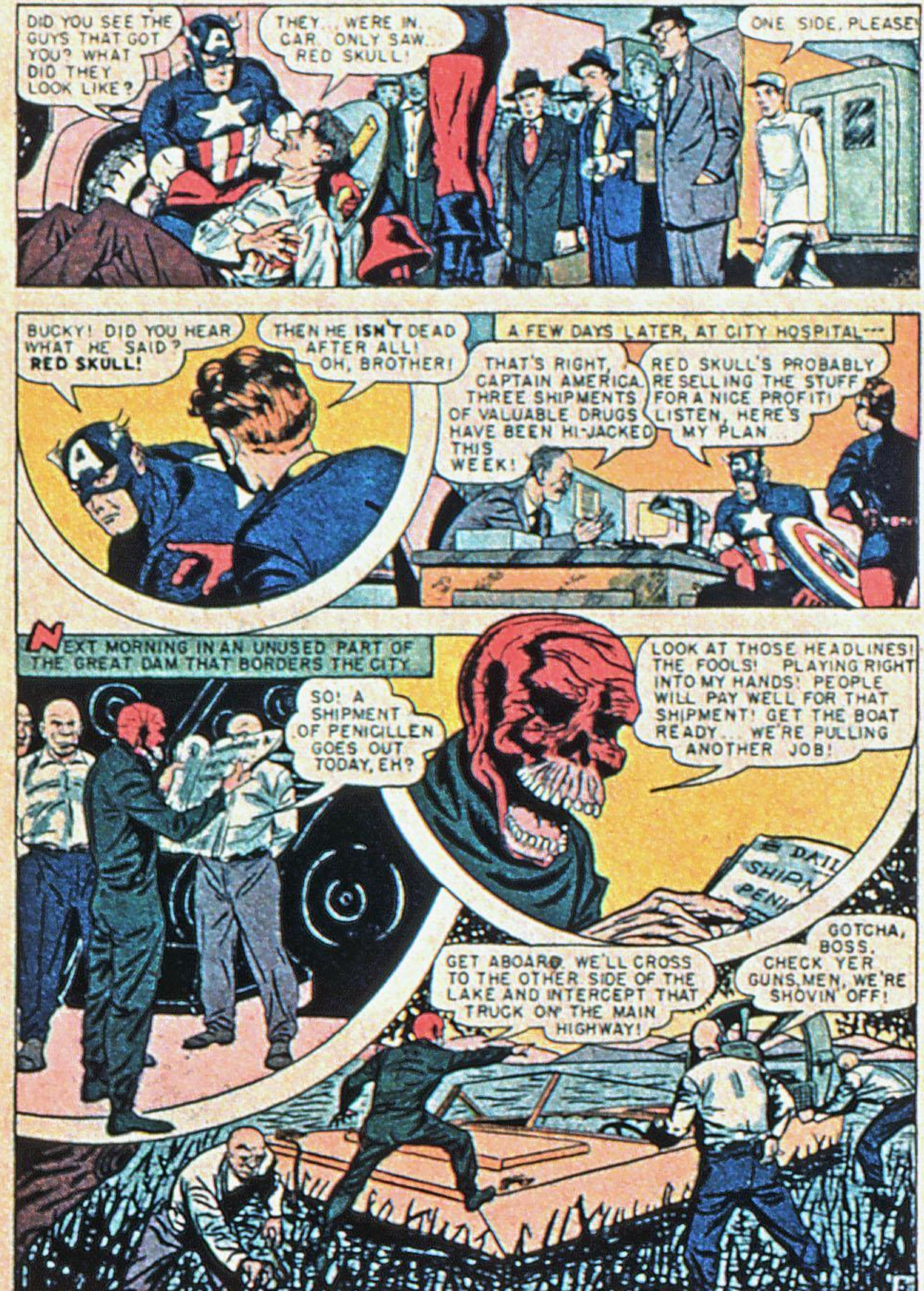
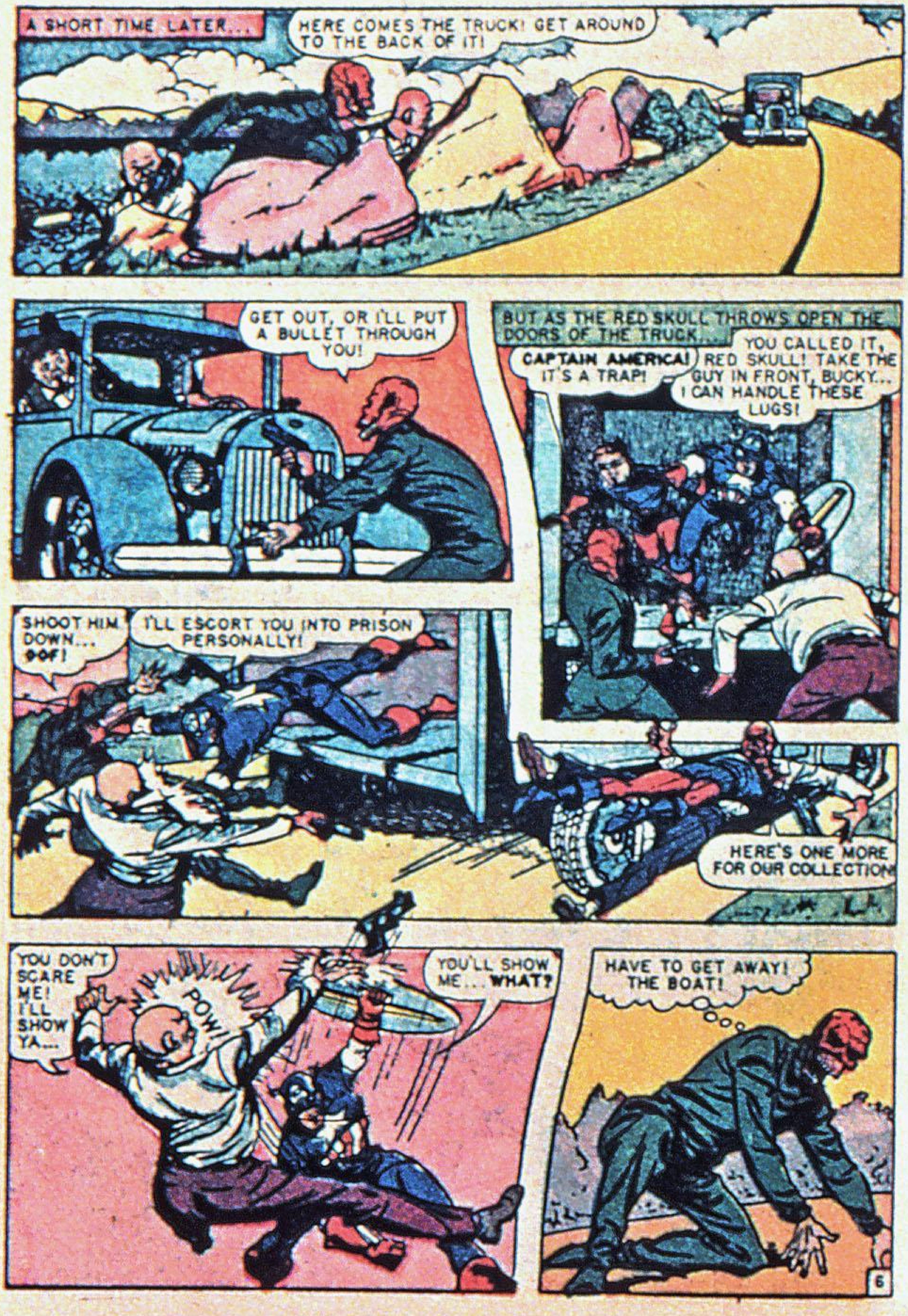
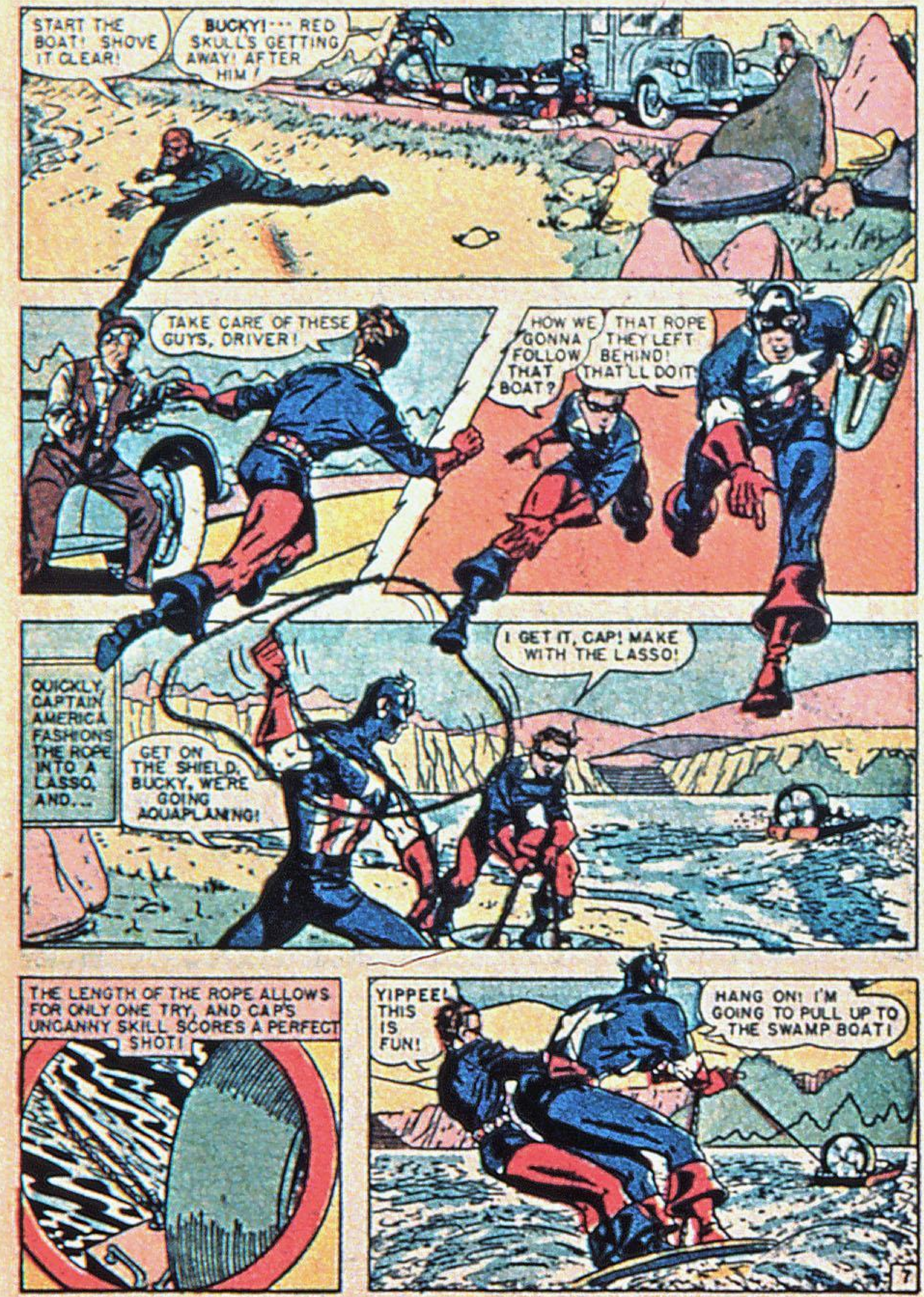

ON THE WEST WALL OF STATE PRISON...
DID YOU HEAR ANYTHING OUT THERE? I THOUGHT I HEARD A SPLASHING!
NAW! PROBABLY SOME ANIMAL IN THE SWAMP!
WILD ANIMAL? NO! FOR KNEELING ON THE FOREDECK OF A SWAMP BOAT IS... THE RED SKULL!
THAT POWER LINE RUNS ALONG HERE. THIS MINE DETECTOR WILL LOCATE IT, AND AFTER THAT... HA, HA!
AH, THE NEEDLE'S FLICKERING! I'VE FOUND IT! I'LL GET THAT CABLE UP WITH A GRAPPLING HOOK!
GOT IT! WHEN I ATTACH THE CIRCUIT BREAKER THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON! AND THAT'S WHERE I COME IN... AS AN ELECTRICIAN! IMAGINE ME, RED SKULL... BREAKING INTO A PRISON!
MINUTES LATER, IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE...
WARDEN, SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH OUR POWER! IT KEEPS GOING ON AND OFF!
AND WE HAVE THREE MEN GOING TO THE CHAIR TONIGHT! I'LL CALL AN ELECTRICIAN FROM TOWN RIGHT NOW!
A HALF HOUR PASSES, AND...
SAY, I'M THE ELECTRICIAN YOU CALLED! WHERE DO I GO?
THE WARDEN'S WAITING FOR YOU. DRIVE RIGHT IN!
HE'S OKAY, BOB, OPEN THE GATES!
STATE PRI
GOOD EVENING, WARDEN, I'M...
YES, I KNOW THE GUARDS PHONED AHEAD. LET'S GO UP. I THINK THE TROUBLE IS CENTERED AROUND THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

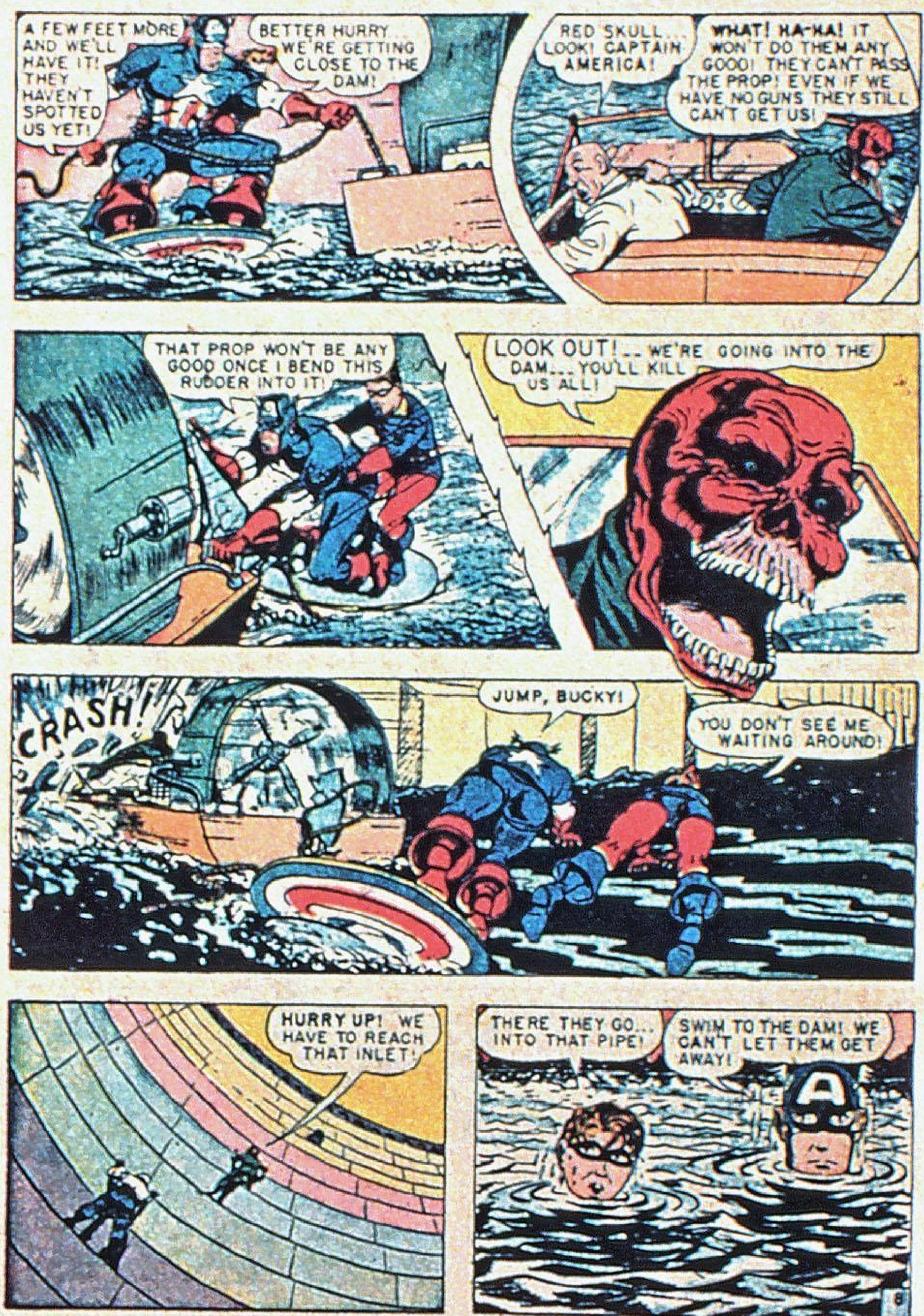

THIS IS CONDEMNED ROW. THESE MEN ARE GOING TO THE CHAIR TONIGHT
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! WAIT TILL THEY GET THESE NOTES!
HUH? WHAT'S DIS?
WHAT A BREAK! AND THE RED SKULL'S PULLING IT! THIS IS BETTER THAN A REPRIEVE! HA HA WILL I BE READY!
BE READY TO BREAK OUT. YOU THREE WILL KNOW WHEN THE TIME COMES! The Red Skull
WHILE IN THE DEATH CHAMBER
ALL FIXED JUST A LOOSE WIRE! SAY, WARDEN, IN TOWN THEY SAY YOU GUYS ARE SCARED TO SIT IN THE CHAIR BECAUSE IT'S BAD LUCK. IS THAT TRUE?
THAT'S NONSENSE! LOOK, I'LL SHOW YOU!
BUT AS THE WARDEN SEATS HIMSELF IN THE CHAIR
HEY! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? TAKE THESE HANDCUFFS OFF!
YOU'RE WRONG, WARDEN! IT WAS BAD LUCK TO SIT IN THE CHAIR! NOW YOU'LL DO AS I SAY OR I'LL FRY YOU RIGHT HERE!
CALL THE GUARD! -TELL THEM TO BRING THE CONDEMNED MEN HERE, ALONE! AND REMEMBER! THE SWITCH IS RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
YES, YES! I'LL DO IT... HELLO, GUARD? THIS IS THE WARDEN. BRING THE MEN IN! YES! RIGHT NOW!
HERE YOU ARE, WARDEN BUT WE STILL HAVE AN HOUR TO WAIT. HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
LOOK OUT! BEHIND THE DOOR!
WHAT ? AGHH!
QUICK... IN MY TOOL KIT! GUNS!
DON'T USE THESE GATS UNLESS YOU HAVE TO! THE POWER GOES ON AGAIN IN FOUR MINUTES AND WE'VE GOT TO SCRAM BEFORE THEY CALL FOR HELP!
RED SKULL, YOU'RE A GENIUS!

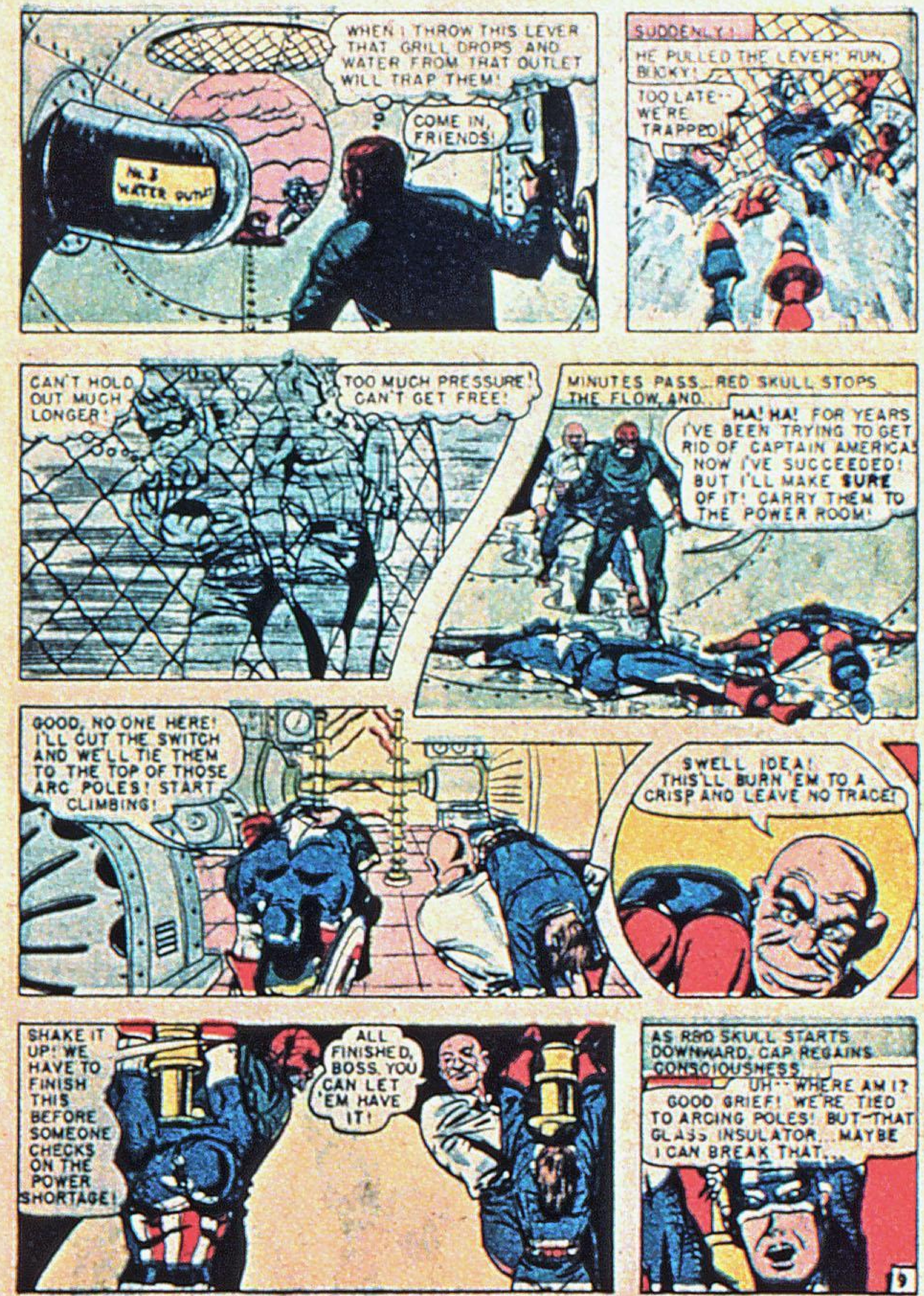

STEALTHILY THE ESCAPING CONVICTS DUCK INTO THE REAR OF THE TRUCK, AND...
HEY, GUARD, IS IT OKAY TO LEAVE?
COME ON AHEAD, THE GATE'S OPEN!
INSIDE, THE DAZED GUARD FINALLY FREES THE WARDEN, THEN...
GEE, WARDEN, I DIDN'T KNOW...
NOT YOUR FAULT...
...BUT I'M CALLING SOMEONE WHO CAN TAKE OVER! HELLO, CONNECT ME WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA!
AND TEN MINUTES LATER--- ENTER CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!
HELLO, WARDEN, WHAT'S UP?
GLAD YOU'RE HERE! WE JUST HAD A PRISON BREAK. THREE CONDEMNED KILLERS GOT AWAY!
IT ALL STARTED WHEN OUR POWER SYSTEM WENT BAD. THE ELECTRICIAN WE CALLED PULLED A FAST ONE AND THEY BROKE OUT!
IF I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS DEAD, I'D SWEAR THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE WORK OF THE RED SKULL! HMMM!
AT THAT MOMENT, THE PHONE RINGS...
WHAT? A SHIPMENT OF VALUABLE DRUGS STOLEN? ONE OF THE ESCAPED CONVICTS SHOT THE DRIVER?
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME! COME ON, BUCKY! WE HAVE THINGS TO DO IN TOWN!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
THERE'S THE TRUCK! THE DRIVER MUST STILL BE THERE!
FOLLOW ME THROUGH THE CROWD!
HEY, LOOK! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!

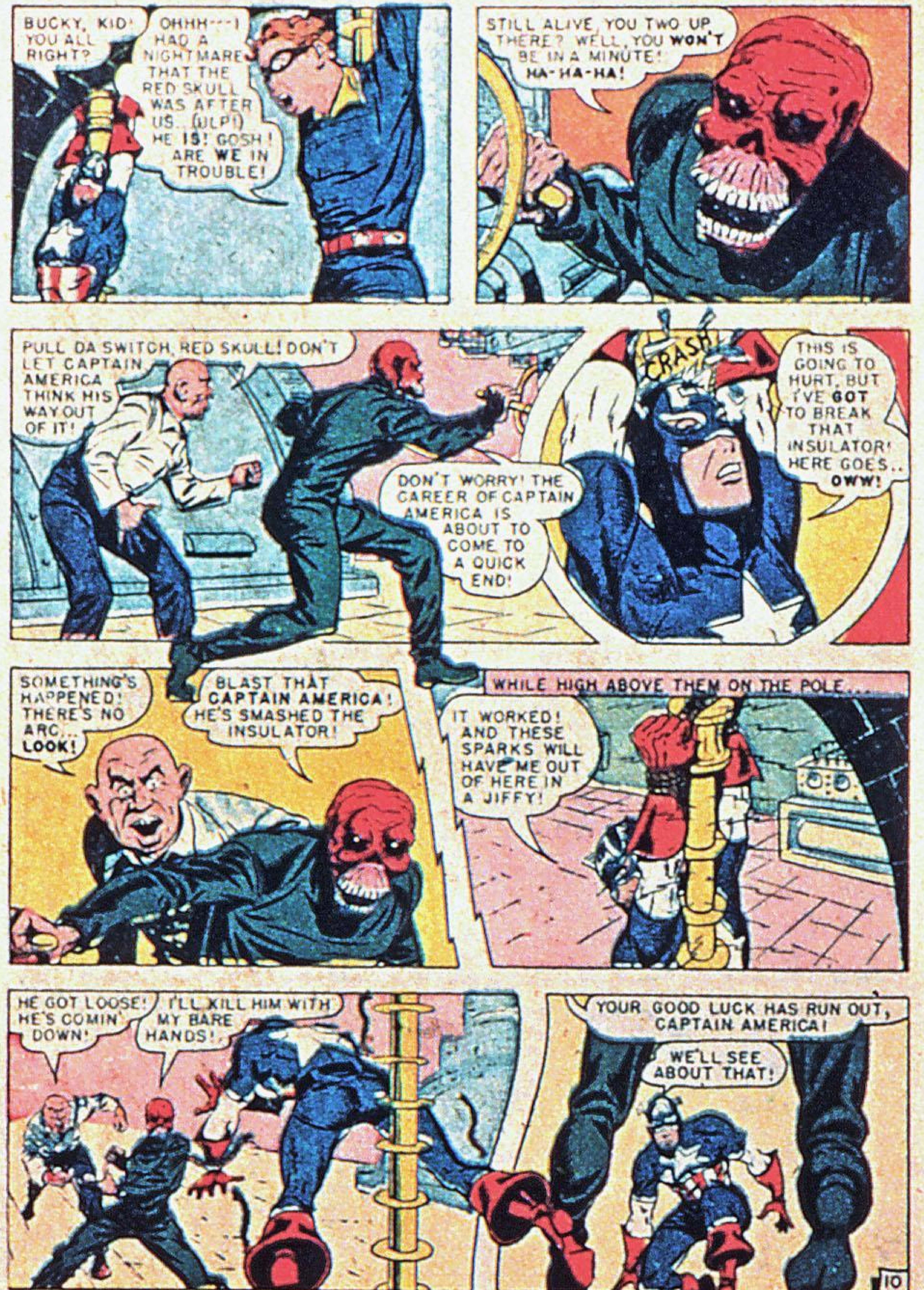

DID YOU SEE THE GUYS THAT GOT YOU? WHAT DID THEY LOOK LIKE?
THEY... WERE IN CAR. ONLY SAW... RED SKULL!
ONE SIDE, PLEASE!
BUCKY! DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID? RED SKULL!
THEN HE ISN'T DEAD AFTER ALL! OH, BROTHER!
A FEW DAYS LATER, AT CITY HOSPITAL---
THAT'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN AMERICA. THREE SHIPMENTS OF VALUABLE DRUGS HAVE BEEN HI-JACKED THIS WEEK!
RED SKULL'S PROBABLY RESELLING THE STUFF FOR A NICE PROFIT! LISTEN, HERE'S MY PLAN...
NEXT MORNING IN AN UNUSED PART OF THE GREAT DAM THAT BORDERS THE CITY
SO! A SHIPMENT OF PENICILLEN GOES OUT TODAY, EH?
LOOK AT THOSE HEADLINES! THE FOOLS! PLAYING RIGHT INTO MY HANDS! PEOPLE WILL PAY WELL FOR THAT SHIPMENT! GET THE BOAT READY... WE'RE PULLING ANOTHER JOB!
DAIL SHIP PENI
GET ABOARD. WE'LL CROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE AND INTERCEPT THAT TRUCK ON THE MAIN HIGHWAY!
GOTCHA, BOSS. CHECK YER GUNS, MEN, WE'RE SHOVIN' OFF!

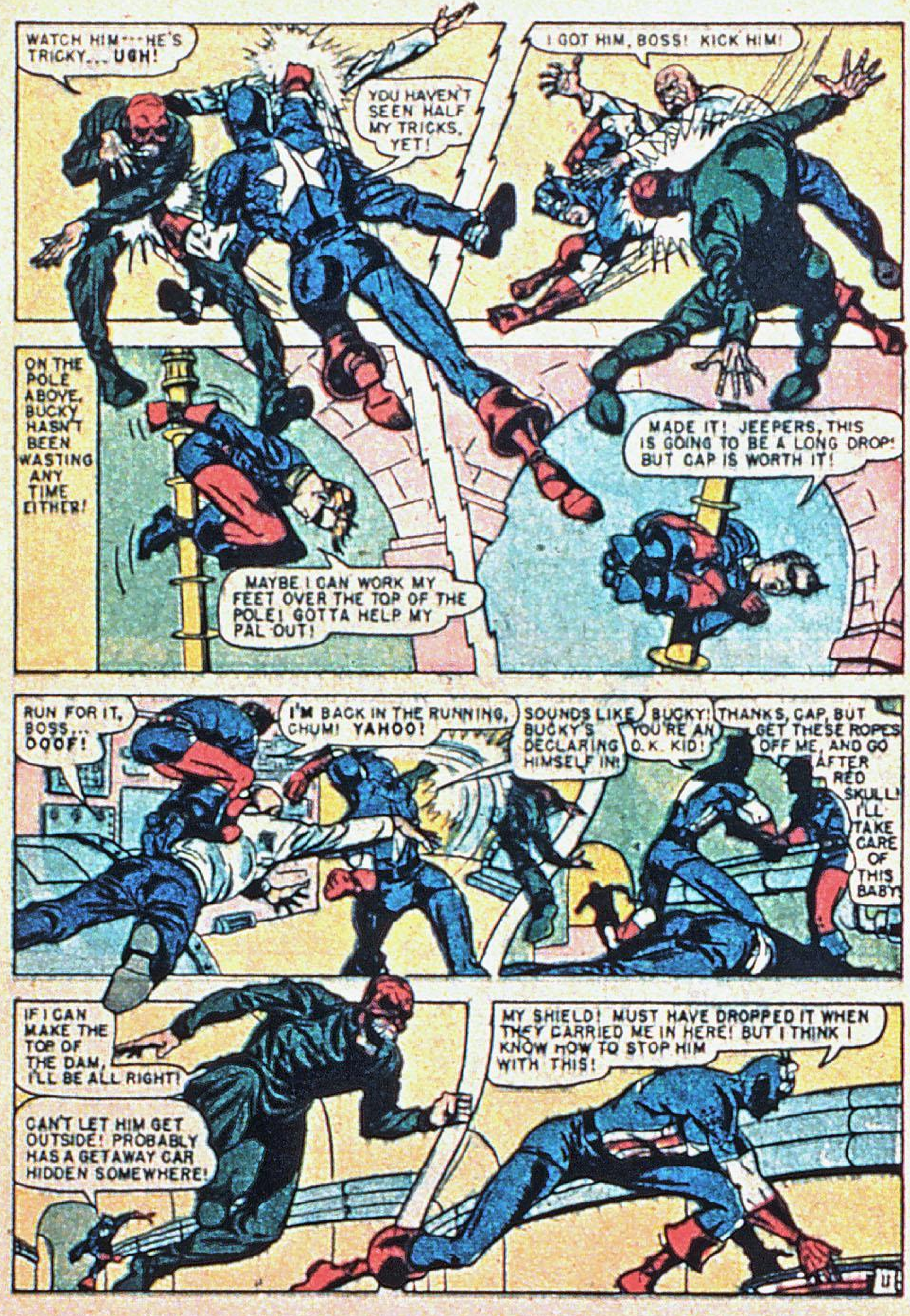

A SHORT TIME LATER...
HERE COMES THE TRUCK! GET AROUND TO THE BACK OF IT!
GET OUT, OR I'LL PUT A BULLET THROUGH YOU!
BUT AS THE RED SKULL THROWS OPEN THE DOORS OF THE TRUCK...
CAPTAIN AMERICA! IT'S A TRAP!
YOU CALLED IT, RED SKULL! TAKE THE GUY IN FRONT, BUCKY... I CAN HANDLE THESE LUGS!
SHOOT HIM DOWN... OOF!
I'LL ESCORT YOU INTO PRISON PERSONALLY!
HERE'S ONE MORE FOR OUR COLLECTION
YOU DON'T SCARE ME! I'LL SHOW YA...
POW!
YOU'LL SHOW ME... WHAT?
HAVE TO GET AWAY! THE BOAT!

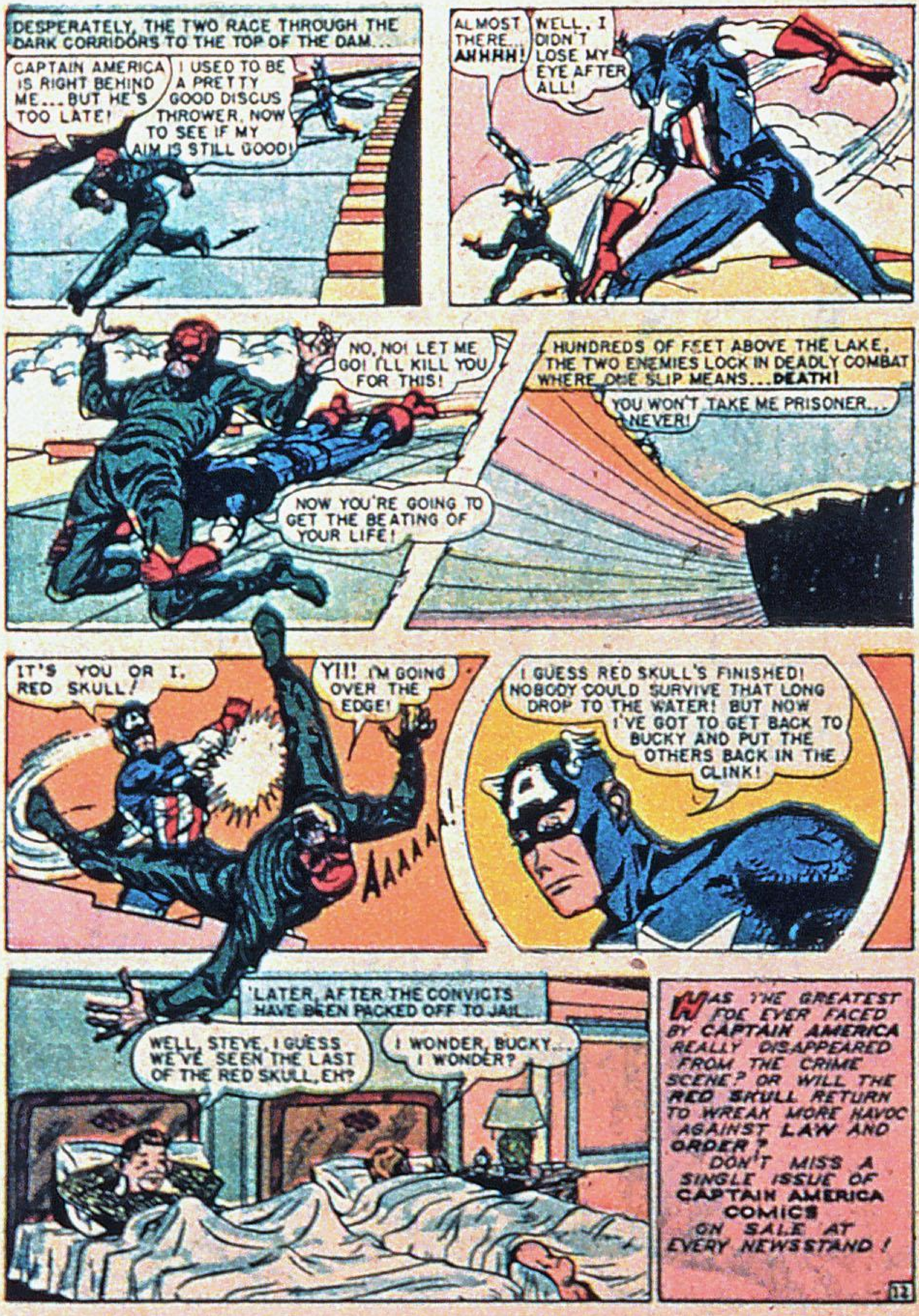

START THE BOAT! SHOVE IT CLEAR!
BUCKY!··· RED SKULL'S GETTING AWAY! AFTER HIM!
TAKE CARE OF THESE GUYS, DRIVER!
HOW WE GONNA FOLLOW THAT BOAT?
THAT ROPE THEY LEFT BEHIND! THAT'LL DO IT!
QUICKLY, CAPTAIN AMERICA FASHIONS THE ROPE INTO A LASSO, AND...
I GET IT, CAP! MAKE WITH THE LASSO!
GET ON THE SHIELD, BUCKY, WE'RE GOING AQUAPLANING!
THE LENGTH OF THE ROPE ALLOWS FOR ONLY ONE TRY, AND CAP'S UNCANNY SKILL SCORES A PERFECT SHOT!
YIPPEE! THIS IS FUN!
HANG ON! I'M GOING TO PULL UP TO THE SWAMP BOAT!

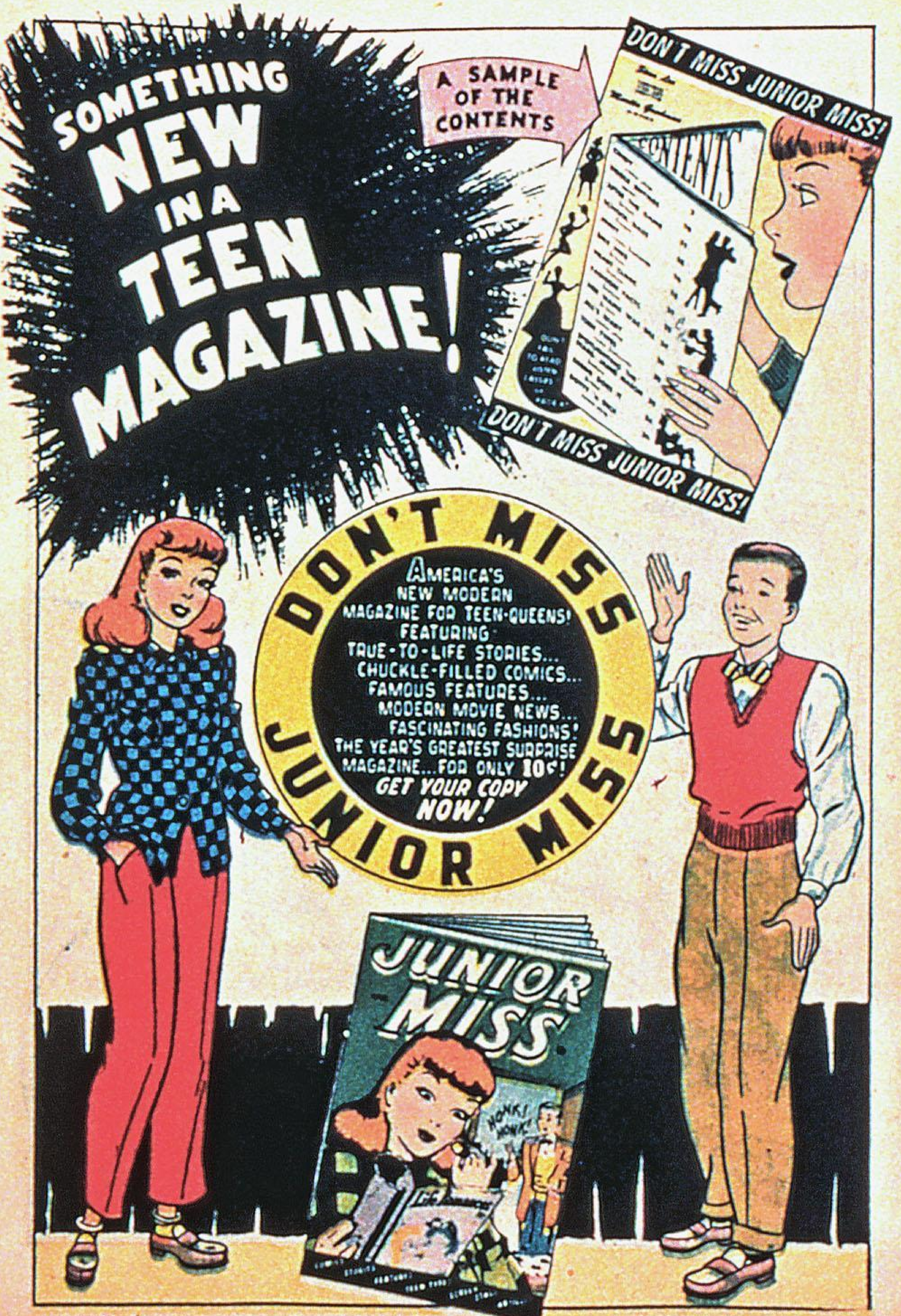

A FEW FEET MORE AND WE'LL HAVE IT! THEY HAVEN'T SPOTTED US YET!
BETTER HURRY... WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO THE DAM!
RED SKULL... LOOK! CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WHAT! HA-HA! IT WON'T DO THEM ANY GOOD! THEY CAN'T PASS THE PROP! EVEN IF WE HAVE NO GUNS THEY STILL CAN'T GET US!
THAT PROP WON'T BE ANY GOOD ONCE I BEND THIS RUDDER INTO IT!
LOOK OUT!.. WE'RE GOING INTO THE DAM... YOU'LL KILL US ALL!
CRASH!
JUMP, BUCKY!
YOU DON'T SEE ME WAITING AROUND!
HURRY UP! WE HAVE TO REACH THAT INLET!
THERE THEY GO... INTO THAT PIPE!
SWIM TO THE DAM! WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY!

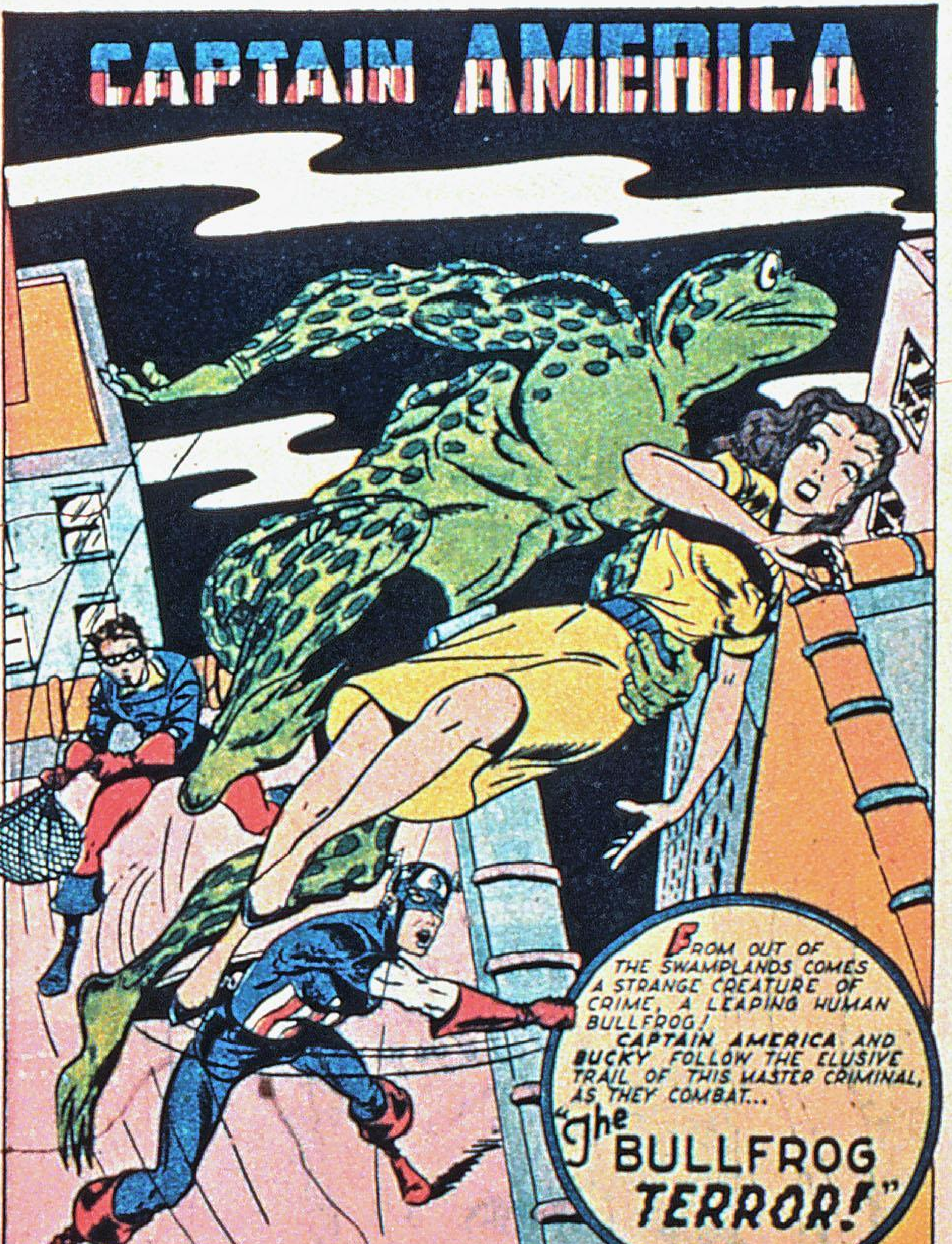

WHEN I THROW THIS LEVER THAT GRILL DROPS AND WATER FROM THAT OUTLET WILL TRAP THEM!
COME IN, FRIENDS!
No. 3 WATER OUTLET
SUDDENLY!
HE PULLED THE LEVER! RUN, BUCKY!
TOO LATE-- WE'RE TRAPPED!
CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!
TOO MUCH PRESSURE! CAN'T GET FREE!
MINUTES PASS...RED SKULL STOPS THE FLOW, AND...
HA! HA! FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET RID OF CAPTAIN AMERICA! NOW I'VE SUCCEEDED! BUT I'LL MAKE SURE OF IT! CARRY THEM TO THE POWER ROOM!
GOOD, NO ONE HERE! I'LL CUT THE SWITCH AND WE'LL TIE THEM TO THE TOP OF THOSE ARC POLES! START CLIMBING!
SWELL IDEA! THIS'LL BURN 'EM TO A CRISP AND LEAVE NO TRACE!
SHAKE IT UP! WE HAVE TO FINISH THIS BEFORE SOMEONE CHECKS ON THE POWER SHORTAGE!
ALL FINISHED, BOSS. YOU CAN LET 'EM HAVE IT!
AS RED SKULL STARTS DOWNWARD, CAP REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS
UH-- WHERE AM I? GOOD GRIEF! WE'RE TIED TO ARCING POLES! BUT--THAT GLASS INSULATOR... MAYBE I CAN BREAK THAT...

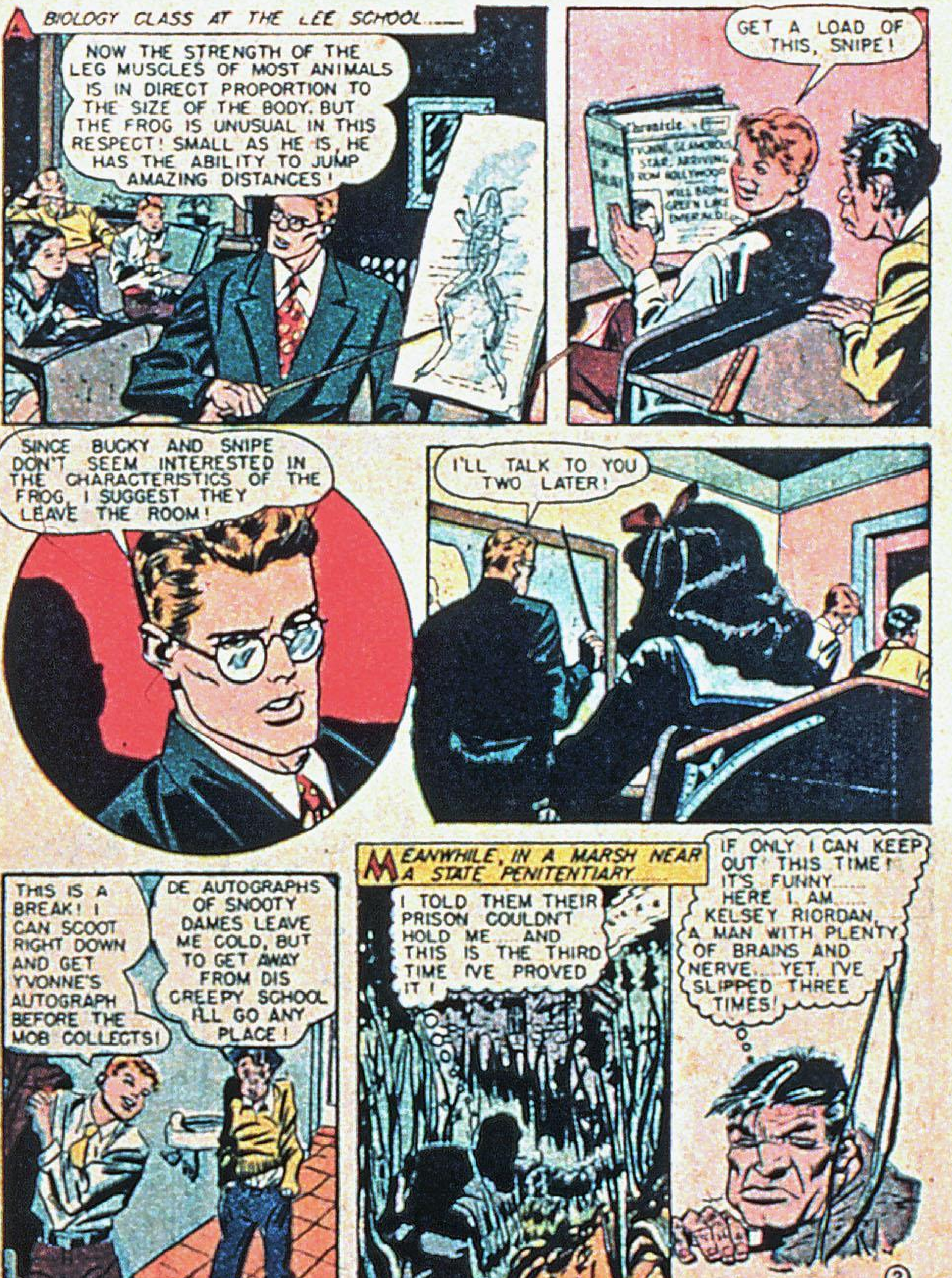

BUCKY, KID! YOU ALL RIGHT?
OHHH---I HAD A NIGHTMARE THAT THE RED SKULL WAS AFTER US..(ULP!) HE **IS**! GOSH! ARE **WE** IN TROUBLE!
STILL ALIVE, YOU TWO UP THERE? WELL, YOU **WON'T** BE IN A MINUTE! **HA-HA-HA!**
PULL DA SWITCH, RED SKULL! DON'T LET CAPTAIN AMERICA THINK HIS WAY OUT OF IT!
DON'T WORRY! THE CAREER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA IS ABOUT TO COME TO A QUICK END!
CRASH
THIS IS GOING TO HURT, BUT I'VE **GOT** TO BREAK THAT INSULATOR! HERE GOES.. **OWW!**
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! THERE'S NO ARC... **LOOK!**
BLAST THAT **CAPTAIN AMERICA**! HE'S SMASHED THE INSULATOR!
WHILE HIGH ABOVE THEM ON THE POLE...
IT WORKED! AND THESE SPARKS WILL HAVE ME OUT OF HERE IN A JIFFY!
HE GOT LOOSE! HE'S COMIN' DOWN!
I'LL KILL HIM WITH MY BARE HANDS!
YOUR GOOD LUCK HAS RUN OUT, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

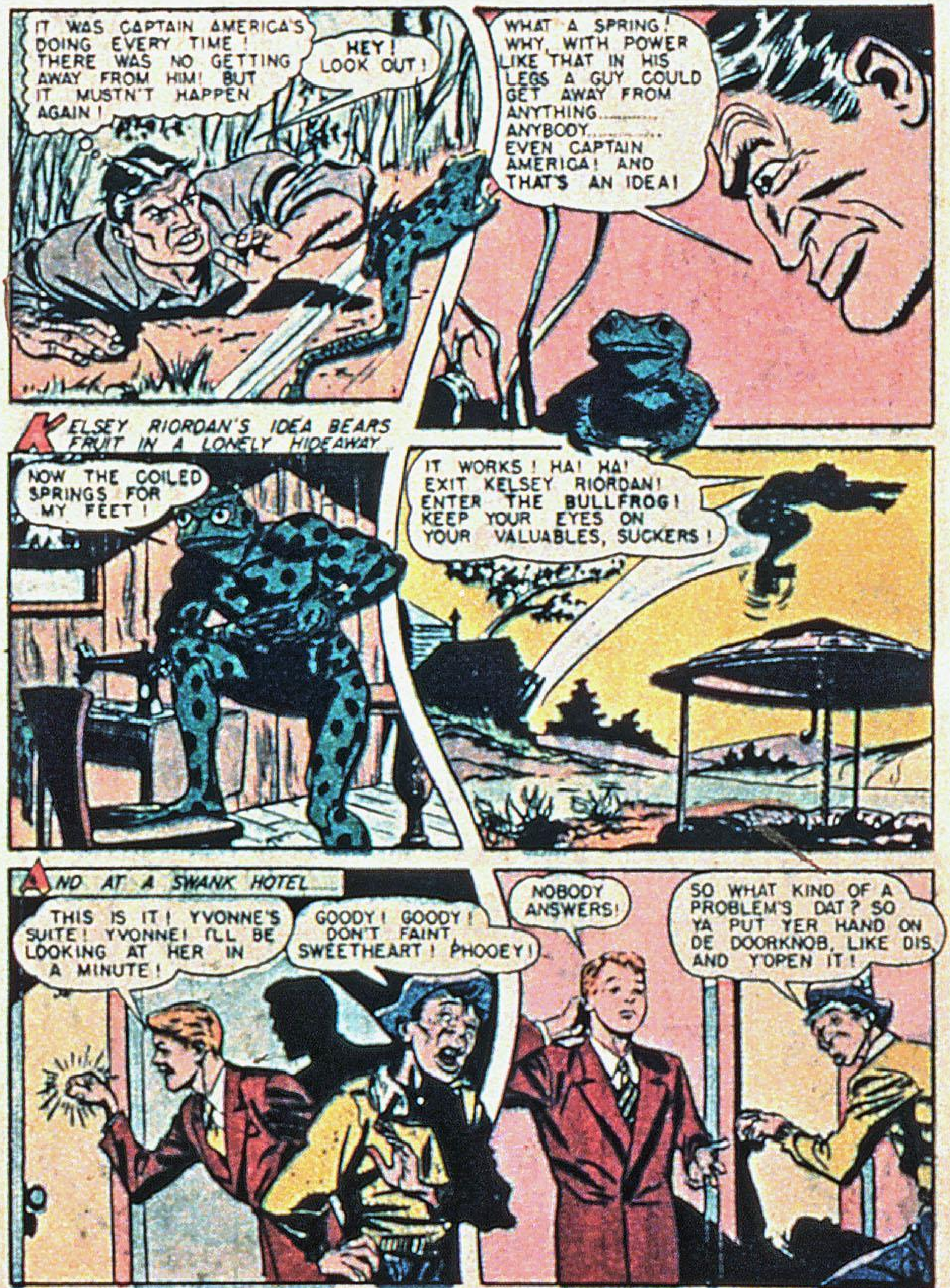

WATCH HIM--- HE'S TRICKY... UGH!
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HALF MY TRICKS, YET!
I GOT HIM, BOSS! KICK HIM!
ON THE POLE ABOVE, BUCKY HASN'T BEEN WASTING ANY TIME EITHER!
MAYBE I CAN WORK MY FEET OVER THE TOP OF THE POLE! GOTTA HELP MY PAL OUT!
MADE IT! JEEPERS, THIS IS GOING TO BE A LONG DROP! BUT CAP IS WORTH IT!
RUN FOR IT, BOSS... OOOF!
I'M BACK IN THE RUNNING, CHUM! YAHOO!
SOUNDS LIKE BUCKY'S DECLARING HIMSELF IN!
BUCKY! YOU'RE AN O.K. KID!
THANKS, CAP, BUT GET THESE ROPES OFF ME, AND GO AFTER RED SKULL! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS BABY!
IF I CAN MAKE THE TOP OF THE DAM, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
CAN'T LET HIM GET OUTSIDE! PROBABLY HAS A GETAWAY CAR HIDDEN SOMEWHERE!
MY SHIELD! MUST HAVE DROPPED IT WHEN THEY CARRIED ME IN HERE! BUT I THINK I KNOW HOW TO STOP HIM WITH THIS!

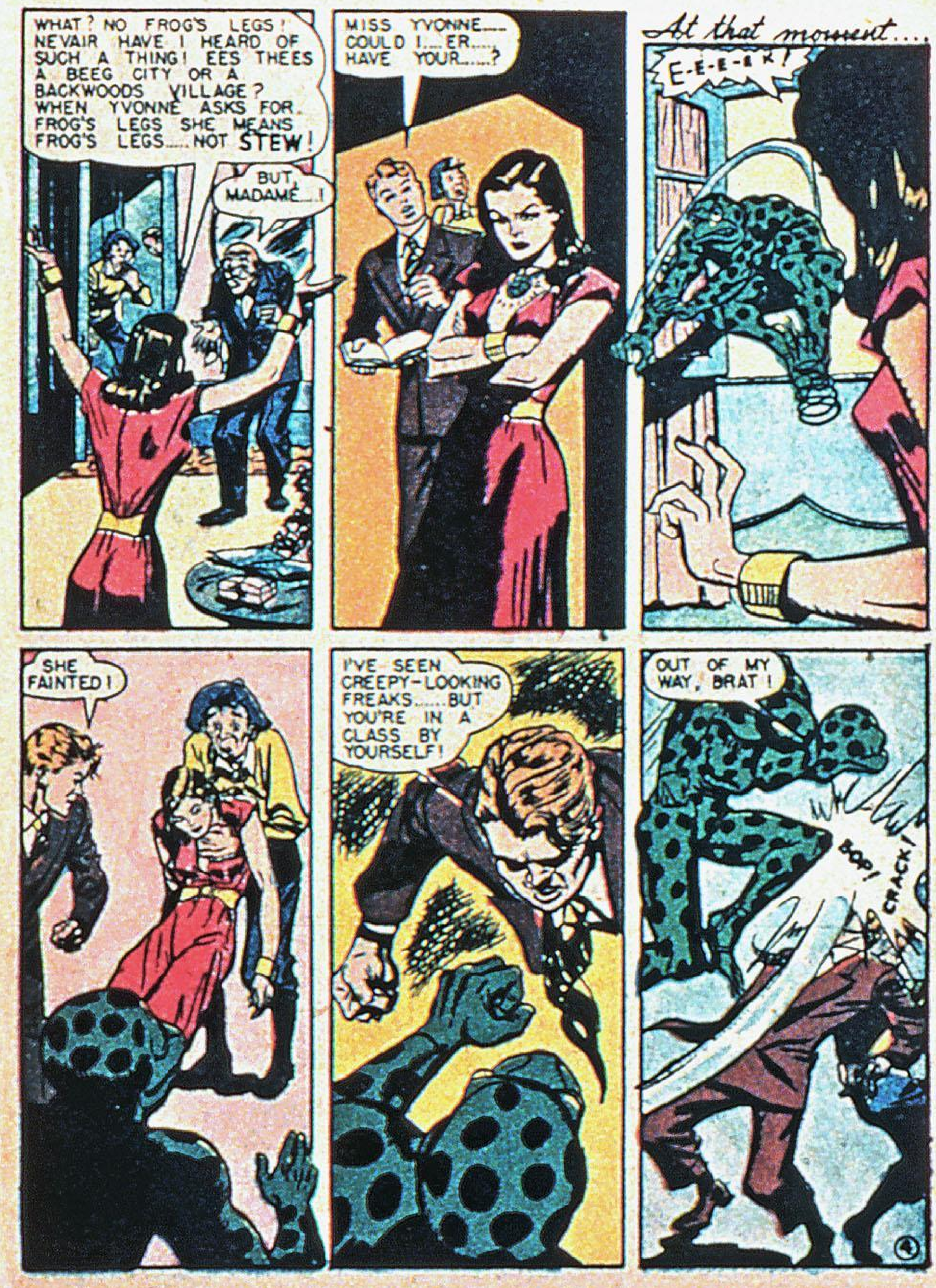

DESPERATELY, THE TWO RACE THROUGH THE DARK CORRIDORS TO THE TOP OF THE DAM...
CAPTAIN AMERICA IS RIGHT BEHIND ME... BUT HE'S TOO LATE!
I USED TO BE A PRETTY GOOD DISCUS THROWER. NOW TO SEE IF MY AIM IS STILL GOOD!
ALMOST THERE... AHHHH!
WELL, I DIDN'T LOSE MY EYE AFTER ALL!
NO, NO! LET ME GO! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!
NOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET THE BEATING OF YOUR LIFE!
HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THE LAKE, THE TWO ENEMIES LOCK IN DEADLY COMBAT WHERE ONE SLIP MEANS... DEATH!
YOU WON'T TAKE ME PRISONER... NEVER!
IT'S YOU OR I, RED SKULL!
YI!! I'M GOING OVER THE EDGE!
AAAAAA!
I GUESS RED SKULL'S FINISHED! NOBODY COULD SURVIVE THAT LONG DROP TO THE WATER! BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO BUCKY AND PUT THE OTHERS BACK IN THE CLINK!
LATER, AFTER THE CONVICTS HAVE BEEN PACKED OFF TO JAIL...
WELL, STEVE, I GUESS WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF THE RED SKULL, EH?
I WONDER, BUCKY... I WONDER?
HAS THE GREATEST FOE EVER FACED BY CAPTAIN AMERICA REALLY DISAPPEARED FROM THE CRIME SCENE? OR WILL THE RED SKULL RETURN TO WREAK MORE HAVOC AGAINST LAW AND ORDER? DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS ON SALE AT EVERY NEWSSTAND!
12

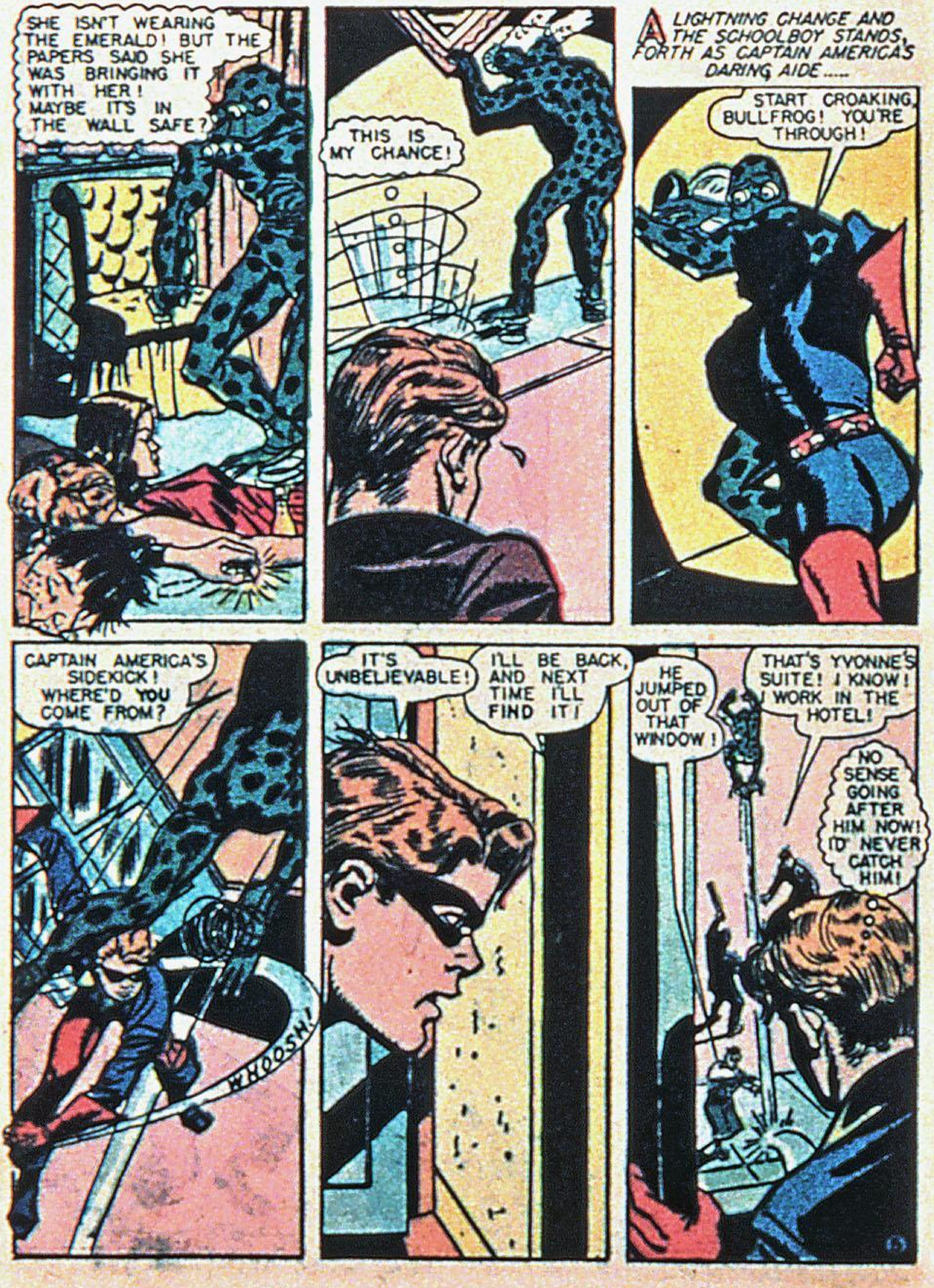

SOMETHING NEW IN A TEEN MAGAZINE!
A SAMPLE OF THE CONTENTS
DON'T MISS JUNIOR MISS!
CONTENTS
DON'T MISS JUNIOR MISS!
DON'T MISS JUNIOR MISS
AMERICA'S NEW MODERN MAGAZINE FOR TEEN-QUEENS! FEATURING TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES... CHUCKLE-FILLED COMICS... FAMOUS FEATURES... MODERN MOVIE NEWS... FASCINATING FASHIONS! THE YEAR'S GREATEST SURPRISE MAGAZINE...FOR ONLY 10¢! GET YOUR COPY NOW!
JUNIOR MISS
HONK! HONK!

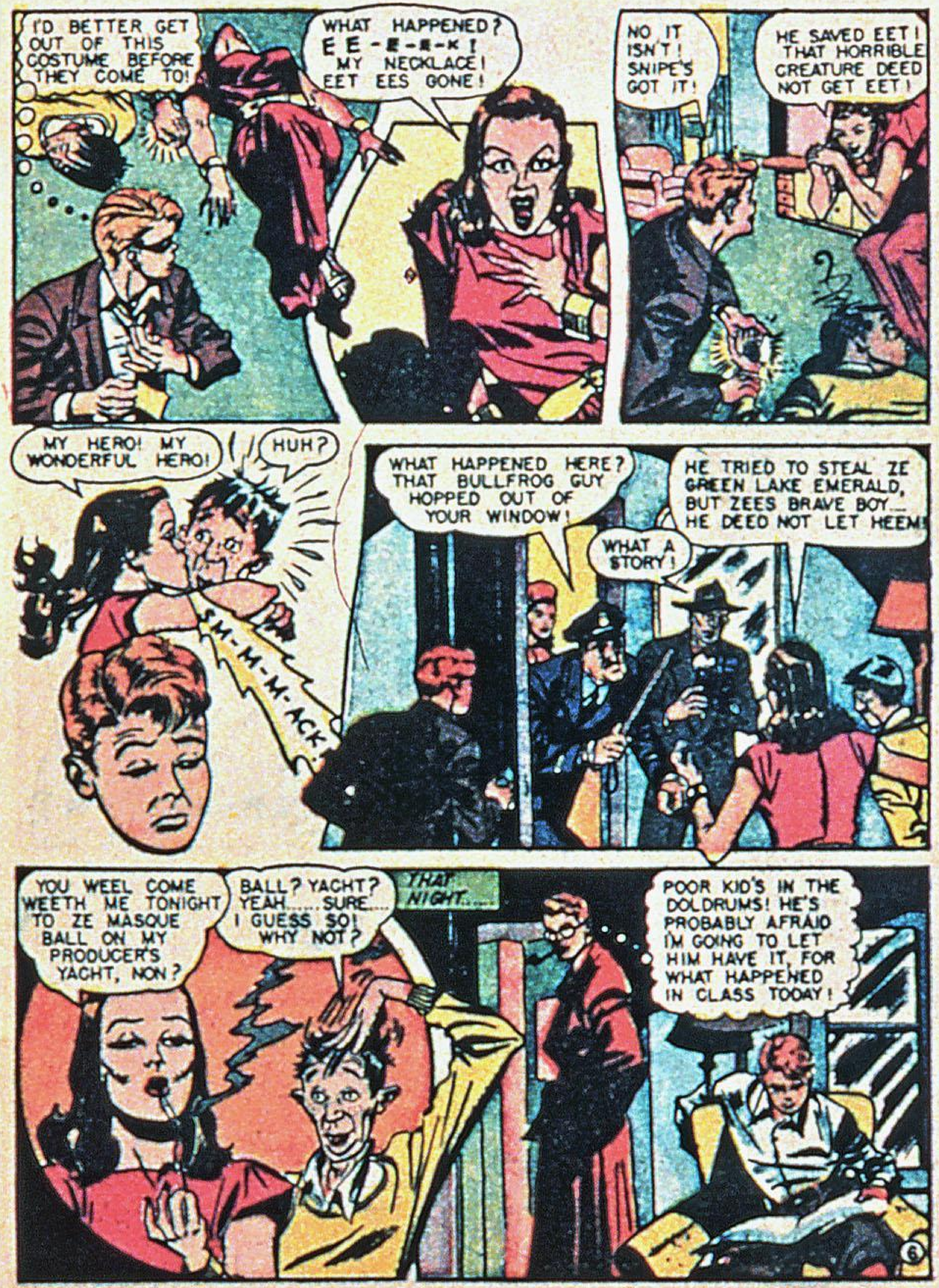

CAPTAIN AMERICA
FROM OUT OF THE SWAMPLANDS COMES A STRANGE CREATURE OF CRIME, A LEAPING HUMAN BULLFROG! CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY FOLLOW THE ELUSIVE TRAIL OF THIS MASTER CRIMINAL, AS THEY COMBAT...
"The BULLFROG TERROR!"
D-146

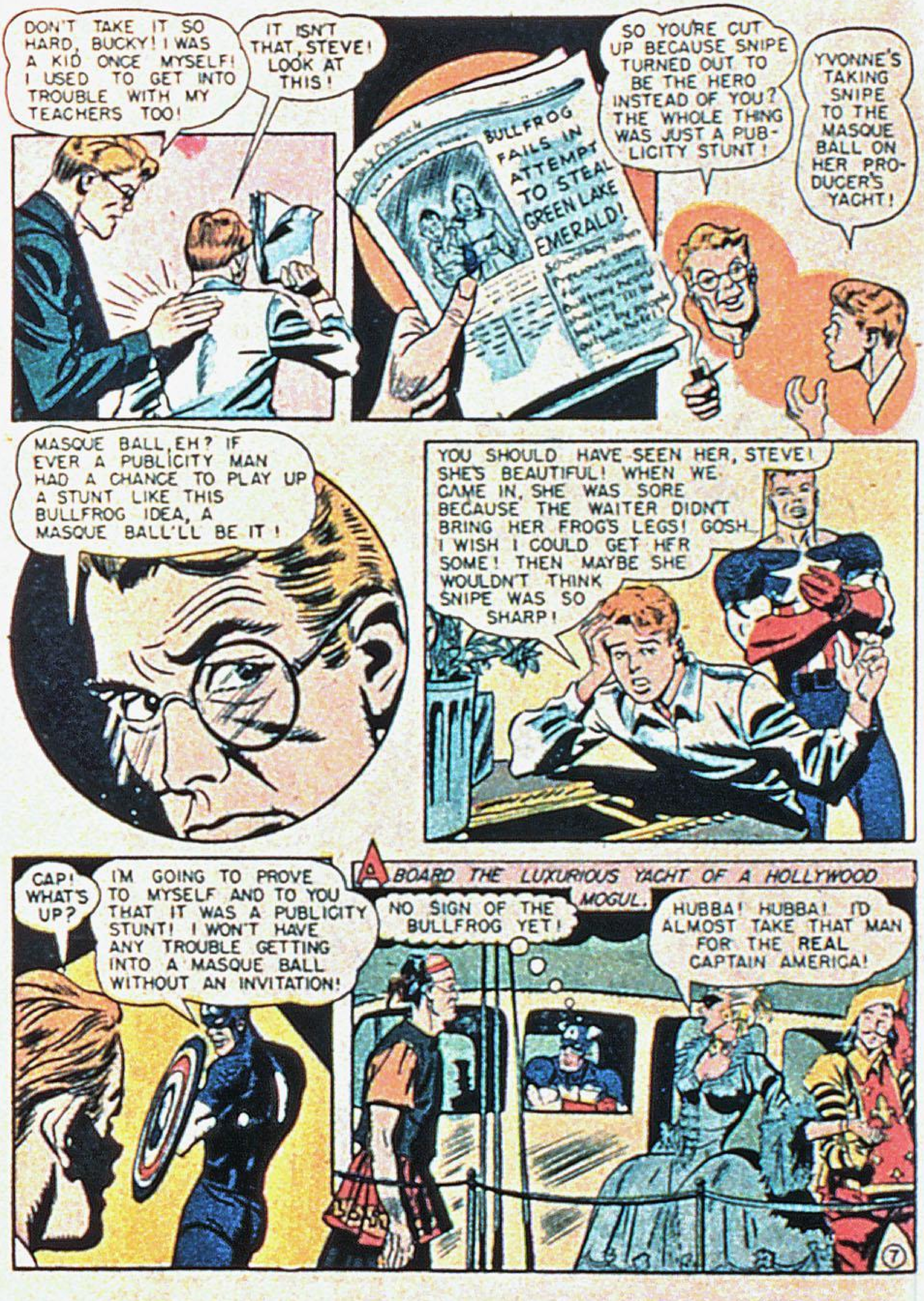

BIOLOGY CLASS AT THE LEE SCHOOL......
NOW THE STRENGTH OF THE LEG MUSCLES OF MOST ANIMALS IS IN DIRECT PROPORTION TO THE SIZE OF THE BODY. BUT THE FROG IS UNUSUAL IN THIS RESPECT! SMALL AS HE IS, HE HAS THE ABILITY TO JUMP AMAZING DISTANCES!
GET A LOAD OF THIS, SNIPE!
Chronicle
YVONNE, GLAMOROUS STAR, ARRIVING FROM HOLLYWOOD WILL BRING GREEN LIKE EMERALD!
SINCE BUCKY AND SNIPE DON'T SEEM INTERESTED IN THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FROG, I SUGGEST THEY LEAVE THE ROOM!
I'LL TALK TO YOU TWO LATER!
THIS IS A BREAK! I CAN SCOOT RIGHT DOWN AND GET YVONNE'S AUTOGRAPH BEFORE THE MOB COLLECTS!
DE AUTOGRAPHS OF SNOOTY DAMES LEAVE ME COLD, BUT TO GET AWAY FROM DIS CREEPY SCHOOL I'LL GO ANY PLACE!
MEANWHILE, IN A MARSH NEAR A STATE PENITENTIARY......
I TOLD THEM THEIR PRISON COULDN'T HOLD ME.... AND THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE PROVED IT!
IF ONLY I CAN KEEP OUT THIS TIME! IT'S FUNNY...... HERE I AM..... KELSEY RIORDAN, A MAN WITH PLENTY OF BRAINS AND NERVE.... YET, I'VE SLIPPED THREE TIMES!
②

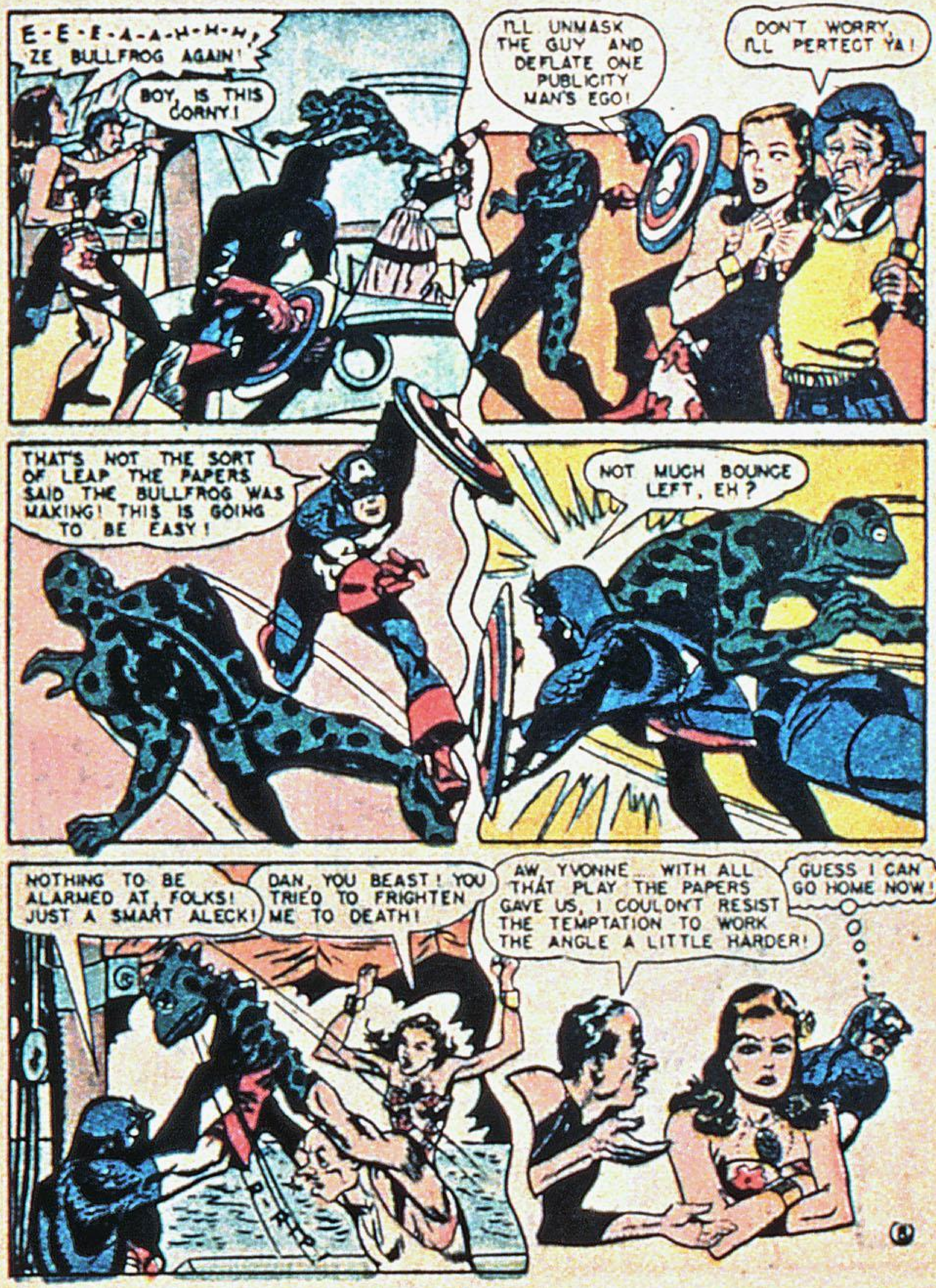

IT WAS CAPTAIN AMERICA'S DOING EVERY TIME! THERE WAS NO GETTING AWAY FROM HIM! BUT IT MUSTN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!
HEY! LOOK OUT!
WHAT A SPRING! WHY, WITH POWER LIKE THAT IN HIS LEGS A GUY COULD GET AWAY FROM ANYTHING......... ANYBODY......... EVEN CAPTAIN AMERICA! AND THAT'S AN IDEA!
KELSEY RIORDAN'S IDEA BEARS FRUIT IN A LONELY HIDEAWAY
NOW THE COILED SPRINGS FOR MY FEET!
IT WORKS! HA! HA! EXIT KELSEY RIORDAN! ENTER THE BULLFROG! KEEP YOUR EYES ON YOUR VALUABLES, SUCKERS!
AND AT A SWANK HOTEL.....
THIS IS IT! YVONNE'S SUITE! YVONNE! I'LL BE LOOKING AT HER IN A MINUTE!
GOODY! GOODY! DON'T FAINT, SWEETHEART! PHOOEY!
NOBODY ANSWERS!
SO WHAT KIND OF A PROBLEM'S DAT? SO YA PUT YER HAND ON DE DOORKNOB, LIKE DIS, AND Y'OPEN IT!

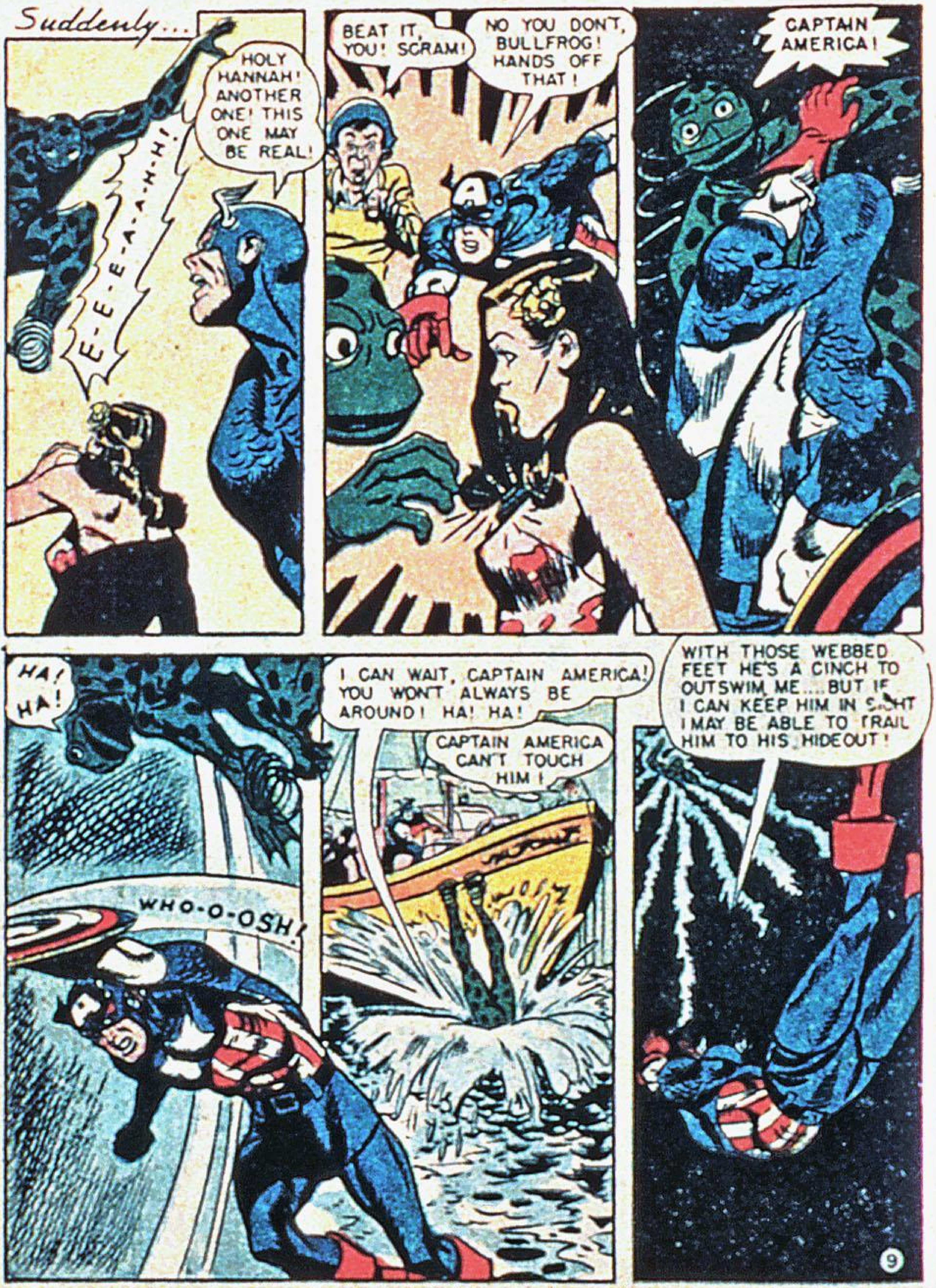

WHAT? NO FROG'S LEGS! NEVAIR HAVE I HEARD OF SUCH A THING! EES THEES A BEEG CITY OR A BACKWOODS VILLAGE? WHEN YVONNE ASKS FOR FROG'S LEGS SHE MEANS FROG'S LEGS.....NOT STEW!
BUT, MADAME....!
MISS YVONNE..... COULD I....ER..... HAVE YOUR.....?
At that moment....
E-E-E-E-K!
SHE FAINTED!
I'VE SEEN CREEPY-LOOKING FREAKS......BUT YOU'RE IN A CLASS BY YOURSELF!
OUT OF MY WAY, BRAT!
BOP!
CRACK!
4

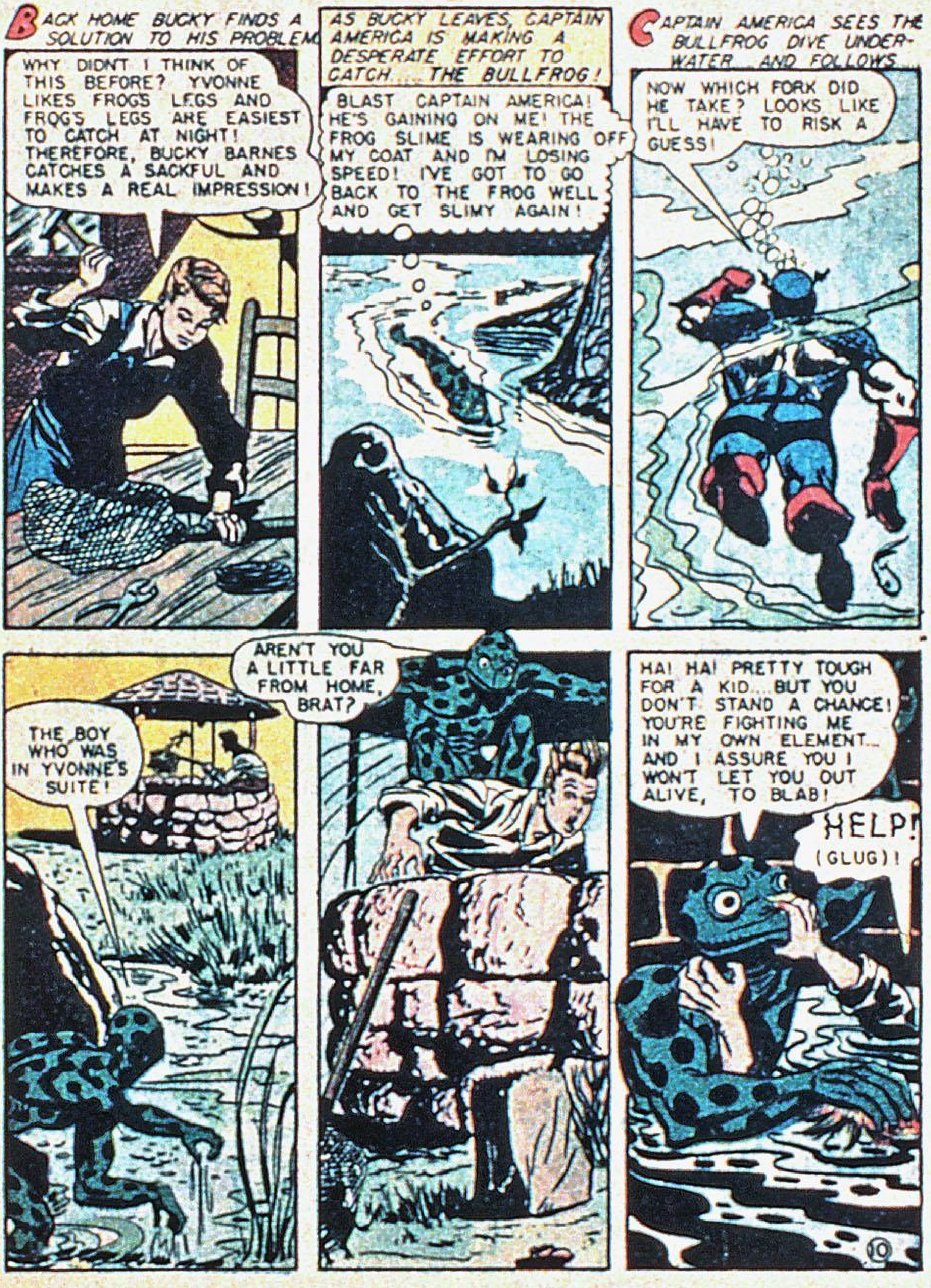

SHE ISN'T WEARING THE EMERALD! BUT THE PAPERS SAID SHE WAS BRINGING IT WITH HER! MAYBE IT'S IN THE WALL SAFE?
THIS IS MY CHANCE!
A LIGHTNING CHANGE AND THE SCHOOLBOY STANDS, FORTH AS CAPTAIN AMERICA'S DARING AIDE.....
START CROAKING, BULLFROG! YOU'RE THROUGH!
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SIDEKICK! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?
WHOOSH!
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
I'LL BE BACK, AND NEXT TIME I'LL FIND IT!
HE JUMPED OUT OF THAT WINDOW!
THAT'S YVONNE'S SUITE! I KNOW! I WORK IN THE HOTEL!
NO SENSE GOING AFTER HIM NOW! I'D NEVER CATCH HIM!

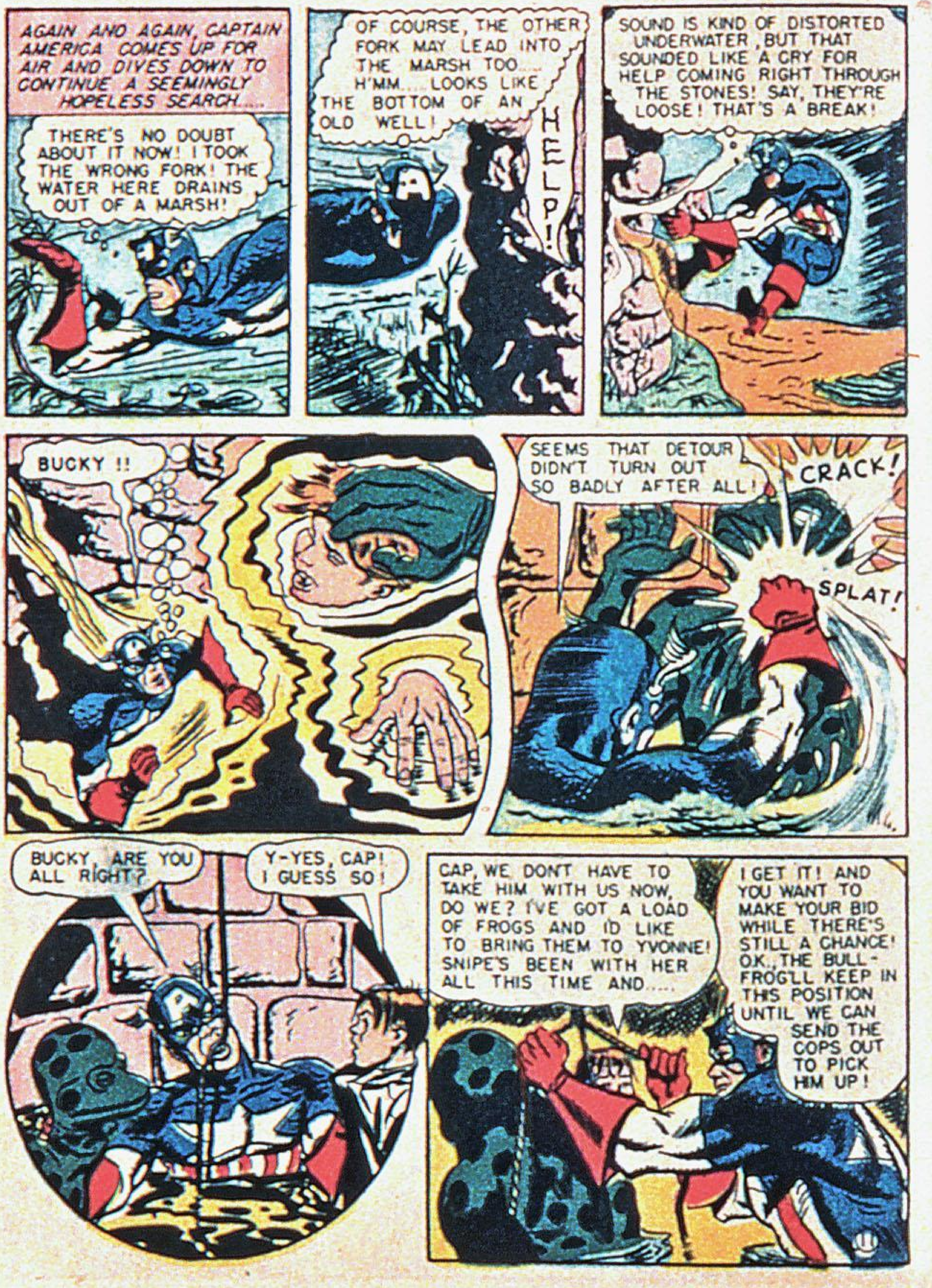

I'D BETTER GET OUT OF THIS COSTUME BEFORE THEY COME TO!
WHAT HAPPENED? EE-EE-EE-K! MY NECKLACE! EET EES GONE!
NO IT ISN'T! SNIPE'S GOT IT!
HE SAVED EET! THAT HORRIBLE CREATURE DEED NOT GET EET!
MY HERO! MY WONDERFUL HERO!
HUH?
SM-M-M-ACK!
WHAT HAPPENED HERE? THAT BULLFROG GUY HOPPED OUT OF YOUR WINDOW!
HE TRIED TO STEAL ZE GREEN LAKE EMERALD, BUT ZEES BRAVE BOY.... HE DEED NOT LET HEEM!
WHAT A STORY!
YOU WEEL COME WEETH ME TONIGHT TO ZE MASQUE BALL ON MY PRODUCER'S YACHT, NON?
BALL? YACHT? YEAH...... SURE.... I GUESS SO! WHY NOT?
THAT NIGHT.....
POOR KID'S IN THE DOLDRUMS! HE'S PROBABLY AFRAID I'M GOING TO LET HIM HAVE IT, FOR WHAT HAPPENED IN CLASS TODAY!
6

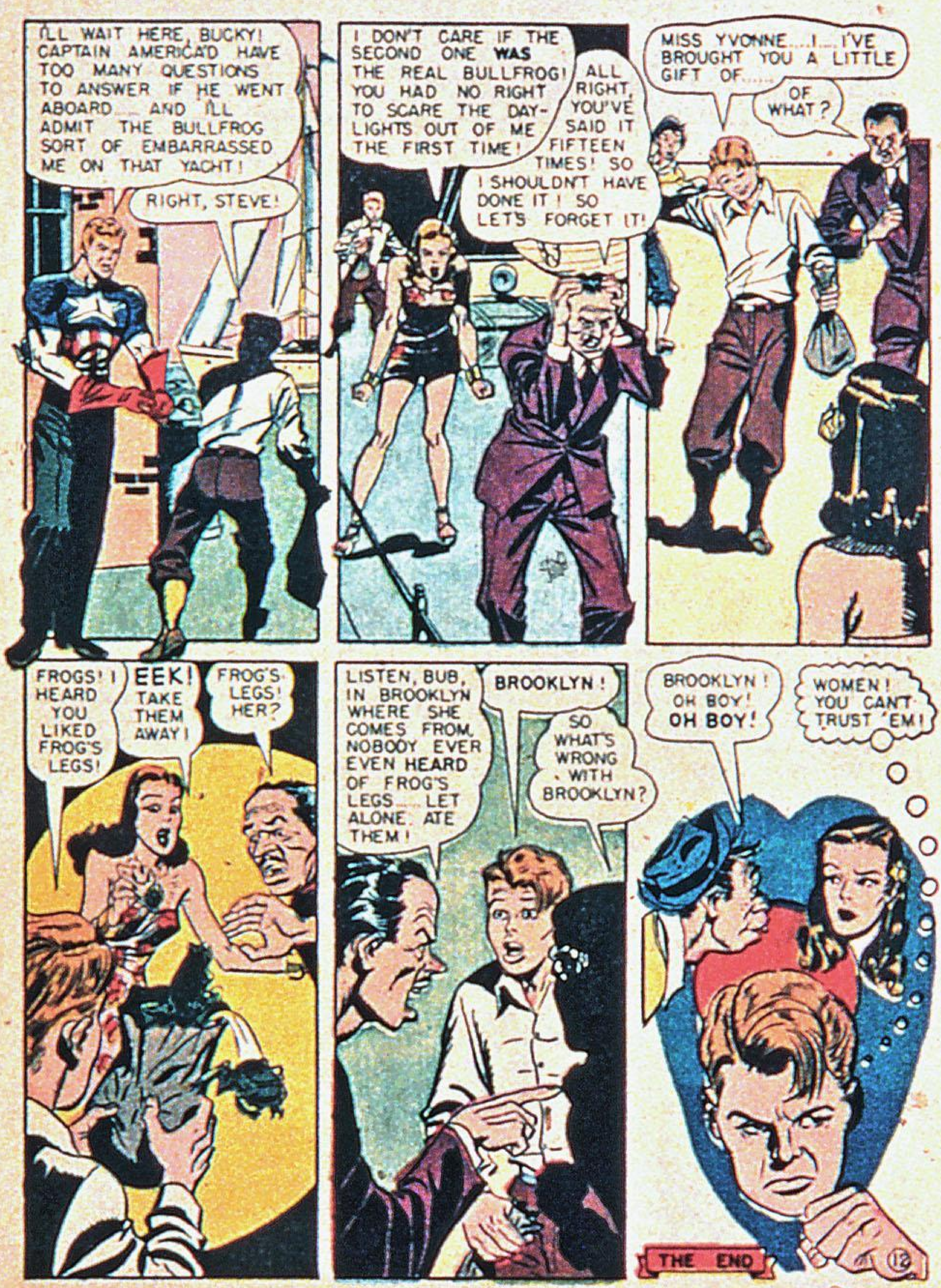

DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, BUCKY! I WAS A KID ONCE MYSELF! I USED TO GET INTO TROUBLE WITH MY TEACHERS TOO!
IT ISN'T THAT, STEVE! LOOK AT THIS!
BULLFROG FAILS IN ATTEMPT TO STEAL GREEN LAKE EMERALD!
SO YOU'RE CUT UP BECAUSE SNIPE TURNED OUT TO BE THE HERO INSTEAD OF YOU? THE WHOLE THING WAS JUST A PUBLICITY STUNT!
YVONNE'S TAKING SNIPE TO THE MASQUE BALL ON HER PRODUCER'S YACHT!
MASQUE BALL, EH? IF EVER A PUBLICITY MAN HAD A CHANCE TO PLAY UP A STUNT LIKE THIS BULLFROG IDEA, A MASQUE BALL'LL BE IT!
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER, STEVE! SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! WHEN WE CAME IN, SHE WAS SORE BECAUSE THE WAITER DIDN'T BRING HER FROG'S LEGS! GOSH, I WISH I COULD GET HER SOME! THEN MAYBE SHE WOULDN'T THINK SNIPE WAS SO SHARP!
CAP! WHAT'S UP?
I'M GOING TO PROVE TO MYSELF AND TO YOU THAT IT WAS A PUBLICITY STUNT! I WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE GETTING INTO A MASQUE BALL WITHOUT AN INVITATION!
ABOARD THE LUXURIOUS YACHT OF A HOLLYWOOD MOGUL.
NO SIGN OF THE BULLFROG YET!
HUBBA! HUBBA! I'D ALMOST TAKE THAT MAN FOR THE REAL CAPTAIN AMERICA!


E-E-E-A-A-H-H-H! ZE BULLFROG AGAIN!
BOY, IS THIS CORNY!
I'LL UNMASK THE GUY AND DEFLATE ONE PUBLICITY MAN'S EGO!
DON'T WORRY, I'LL PERTECT YA!
THAT'S NOT THE SORT OF LEAP THE PAPERS SAID THE BULLFROG WAS MAKING! THIS IS GOING TO BE EASY!
NOT MUCH BOUNCE LEFT, EH?
NOTHING TO BE ALARMED AT, FOLKS! JUST A SMART ALECK!
DAN, YOU BEAST! YOU TRIED TO FRIGHTEN ME TO DEATH!
AW, YVONNE... WITH ALL THAT PLAY THE PAPERS GAVE US, I COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO WORK THE ANGLE A LITTLE HARDER!
GUESS I CAN GO HOME NOW!
R-R-RIP


Suddenly...
HOLY HANNAH! ANOTHER ONE! THIS ONE MAY BE REAL!
E-E-E-E-A-A-H-H!
BEAT IT, YOU! SCRAM!
NO YOU DON'T, BULLFROG! HANDS OFF THAT!
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
HA! HA!
WHO-O-OSH!
I CAN WAIT, CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU WON'T ALWAYS BE AROUND! HA! HA!
CAPTAIN AMERICA CAN'T TOUCH HIM!
WITH THOSE WEBBED FEET HE'S A CINCH TO OUTSWIM ME....BUT IF I CAN KEEP HIM IN SIGHT I MAY BE ABLE TO TRAIL HIM TO HIS HIDEOUT!


BACK HOME BUCKY FINDS A SOLUTION TO HIS PROBLEM
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE? YVONNE LIKES FROGS LEGS AND FROG'S LEGS ARE EASIEST TO CATCH AT NIGHT! THEREFORE, BUCKY BARNES CATCHES A SACKFUL AND MAKES A REAL IMPRESSION!
AS BUCKY LEAVES, CAPTAIN AMERICA IS MAKING A DESPERATE EFFORT TO CATCH... THE BULLFROG!
BLAST CAPTAIN AMERICA! HE'S GAINING ON ME! THE FROG SLIME IS WEARING OFF MY COAT AND I'M LOSING SPEED! I'VE GOT TO GO BACK TO THE FROG WELL AND GET SLIMY AGAIN!
CAPTAIN AMERICA SEES THE BULLFROG DIVE UNDERWATER... AND FOLLOWS...
NOW WHICH FORK DID HE TAKE? LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO RISK A GUESS!
THE BOY WHO WAS IN YVONNE'S SUITE!
AREN'T YOU A LITTLE FAR FROM HOME, BRAT?
HA! HA! PRETTY TOUGH FOR A KID... BUT YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE! YOU'RE FIGHTING ME IN MY OWN ELEMENT... AND I ASSURE YOU I WON'T LET YOU OUT ALIVE, TO BLAB!
HELP! (GLUG)!
10


AGAIN AND AGAIN, CAPTAIN AMERICA COMES UP FOR AIR AND DIVES DOWN TO CONTINUE A SEEMINGLY HOPELESS SEARCH.....
THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT NOW! I TOOK THE WRONG FORK! THE WATER HERE DRAINS OUT OF A MARSH!
OF COURSE, THE OTHER FORK MAY LEAD INTO THE MARSH TOO..... H'MM.... LOOKS LIKE THE BOTTOM OF AN OLD WELL!
HELP!
SOUND IS KIND OF DISTORTED UNDERWATER, BUT THAT SOUNDED LIKE A CRY FOR HELP COMING RIGHT THROUGH THE STONES! SAY, THEY'RE LOOSE! THAT'S A BREAK!
BUCKY !!
SEEMS THAT DETOUR DIDN'T TURN OUT SO BADLY AFTER ALL!
CRACK!
SPLAT!
BUCKY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
Y-YES, CAP! I GUESS SO!
CAP, WE DON'T HAVE TO TAKE HIM WITH US NOW, DO WE? I'VE GOT A LOAD OF FROGS AND I'D LIKE TO BRING THEM TO YVONNE! SNIPE'S BEEN WITH HER ALL THIS TIME AND.....
I GET IT! AND YOU WANT TO MAKE YOUR BID WHILE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE! O.K., THE BULL-FROG'LL KEEP IN THIS POSITION UNTIL WE CAN SEND THE COPS OUT TO PICK HIM UP!


I'LL WAIT HERE, BUCKY! CAPTAIN AMERICA'D HAVE TOO MANY QUESTIONS TO ANSWER IF HE WENT ABOARD.... AND I'LL ADMIT THE BULLFROG SORT OF EMBARRASSED ME ON THAT YACHT!
RIGHT, STEVE!
I DON'T CARE IF THE SECOND ONE **WAS** THE REAL BULLFROG! YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO SCARE THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF ME THE FIRST TIME!
ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE SAID IT FIFTEEN TIMES! SO I SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT! SO LET'S FORGET IT!
MISS YVONNE.... I.... I'VE BROUGHT YOU A LITTLE GIFT OF......
OF WHAT?
FROGS! I HEARD YOU LIKED FROG'S LEGS!
EEK! TAKE THEM AWAY!
FROG'S LEGS! HER?
LISTEN, BUB, IN BROOKLYN WHERE SHE COMES FROM, NOBODY EVER EVEN **HEARD** OF FROG'S LEGS.... LET ALONE ATE THEM!
BROOKLYN!
SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH BROOKLYN?
BROOKLYN! OH BOY! **OH BOY!**
WOMEN! YOU CAN'T TRUST 'EM!
THE END
12

NINE POINTS OF THE LAW!

THE train puffing out of the dusty station received hardly a glance from the loungers idling against the unpainted station. All of their attention was riveted on the passenger who had alighted from the one daily arrival. He was innocently unaware of their scrutiny.

He looked blandly about, then approached the station-master, a man whose crippled bowed legs indicated his former occupation as well as his reason for leaving it.

"Can you tell me where the Aurora Hotel is?"

The station-master regarded his pearl grey derby, spats and four-in-hand thoughtfully and then aimed a long stream of tobacco juice at a knothole in the plank platform. He nodded and jerked his head at a two-story building across the street.

"Feed store across the street. Aurora Hotel is upstairs."

The Easterner plowed through the ankle-deep dust in the street and entered the building indicated. He waited while the clerk handed a customer a box of shotgun shells and a piece of gingham.

The clerk nodded and reached for a ledger at the newcomer's request for a room. "Sign here," he said, handing the dude a stubby lead pencil.

He twisted around to watch as the guest scrawled John S. McClure on the first empty line.

"McClure . . . Used to hev a sheriff by thet name about fifteen years ago. Any relation?

McClure nodded briefly as he picked up his bag. "My father. What room did you say?"

The clerk mumbled "Ten" and watched the latest addition to Rimrock society climb the rickety stairs. He cussed himself for not asking more questions and hurried out to the kitchen to tell his wife the latest.

Fifteen minutes later, everyone in town knew McClure's identity. Oldtimers gathered in the street and in the Full House Bar to talk over the recent development. One group gathered on the sidewalk in front of the Full House.

"If he's anything like his dad, just watch the fur fly! I figger he's here for revenge, don't you, Wilson?"

Wilson shook his graying head gloomily. "Fat chance he'll have against Wes Miller! Even if he wasn't a tenderfoot, Miller'd figger some way tuh get rid of him. Way it is, Miller'll shoot him in cold blood!" The old-timer was about to go on when the suddenly blank expressions on his listeners' faces warned him. He slowly turned.

"Did I hear someone mention my name?" Wes Miller said, smiling in the doorway.

"Why . . . Hello, Wes! I was just sayin' how Sheriff McClure's son was in town, thet's all! Wes . . . *Don't Wes!*" he screamed the last words as Miller drew a heavy forty-five from the holster at his hip. The old-timer didn't try to reach the gun he carried. Miller stepped forward and slashed Wilson across the head. He fell, blood streaming from the scalp wound.

"Get the old fool out of here!" Miller growled, kicking the unconscious man. Two of the onlookers carried him away as Miller turned and went back to his office at the rear of the bar.

The other customers watched the door close, then a low-pitched hum started. One young puncher wondered what it was all about. An older rancher explained.

"This McClure who just hit town is the son of Big John McClure, best sheriff this county ever had! He run Miller outa town over fifteen years ago. Three days later, McClure was murdered out at his ranch. No one could prove Miller done it an' then Miller took over McClure's ranch and this saloon! Some relatives took the kid East and raised him up! The kid'll hear Miller done the killin' if he don't know it already!"

The kid *had* heard it. He had known it before he was taken East and had made plans for fifteen years. Now he was back to put those plans into effect.

He shed the dude clothes and donned slacks, boots and a flannel shirt. He smiled at himself when he was finished. The change in clothes had somehow emphasized his strangeness. The boots were fancy, too fancy, the slacks too glaringly new, and the flannel shirt was several sizes too large. He next strapped on two forty-fours, obviously unfamiliar with the proper method of wearing them.

He produced a couple more articles from the valise, one a yellowed official-looking document, then shrugged into a coat. A last minute check; then he descended the stairs to the street. Five minutes later, he entered the Full House Bar.

A hush fell as he walked up to the bar. The bartender came over, his eyes popping at McClure and his attire. McClure gazed around calmly while the bartender waited. "Nice country you have out here."

The bartender nodded. "Yeah, if yuh like it. I don't think *you're* gonna like it!"

McClure reached into his inside coat pocket and produced the yellowed document he had taken *from* his bag. "I think I will, sir. I own a ranch out here, the Circle O. Could you tell me its approximate location?"

The bartender was about to answer when he stopped, staring over McClure's shoulder. Miller was standing there! McClure didn't seem to see Miller, even when Miller came alongside at the bar. McClure went on talking.

"I realize that I might have to ask someone to relinquish squatter's rights to the property, but I think that can be arranged, don't you?" he said, still addressing the bartender.

The bartender grunted and looked appealingly at his boss. Miller was getting red, his hands hovering near the guns at his waist.

"Squatter's right, huh? *I* own the Circle O and I aim to stay there, sonny! I advise you to hop the next train out!"

McClure didn't seem to understand. He held the yellowed paper in his hand so Miller could see what it was.

"I just explained that *I* own the Circle O! I would like to arrange your removal as soon as possible! After all," he said, waving the paper, "I hold legal title."

Miller purpled. *"Legal title!* This is Kansas, sonny, not Boston! Possession is nine points of the law out here, McClure. . . . And this is the rest of it!" Miller growled, slapping his guns.

"Yes, I understand that's how you came into possession of the ranch in the first place." McClure murmured. The bar was quiet. The small crowd had grouped behind doorframes, one trying to get behind the other.

Miller's hands were twitching over his guns. He knew that McClure knew how his father had died. McClure was calm except for his right hand twitching at a button in his shirt. Miller backed off a little for more room.

"We have a saying out here that when a man wears a gun he gotta know how to use it!" Miller grated. He was poised, waiting.

McClure nodded. "And we have a saying in the East that it's always good to have an ace in the hole! *You murdered my father!"*

That was what Miller had been waiting for. His hands were blurs as they streaked down and up, both guns blazing. Gunsmoke billowed around the pair, hiding them for a minute. It cleared away and the onlookers were surprised to see McClure still on his feet. Miller was staring at him too, ludicrous surprise on his face. The guns dropped from nerveless fingers and Miller slowly collapsed. He was dead when he hit the floor!

There was absolute silence. The other men in the bar watched in silence as McClure, still looking down at Miller, held the left lapel of his coat open, and slipped the short-barreled .38 back into the shoulder holster.

Wilson, the old man Miller had gun-whipped, broke the silence with a jubilant yell. He slammed money down on the bar and motioned everyone up.

"Step up, everybody! The drinks are on me!"

THE END SL-1365

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Captain America Comics published bi-monthly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1st, 1946.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Captain America Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Complete Photo Story Corp., 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Managing Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Complete Photo Story Corp., 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Abraham Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Arthur Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

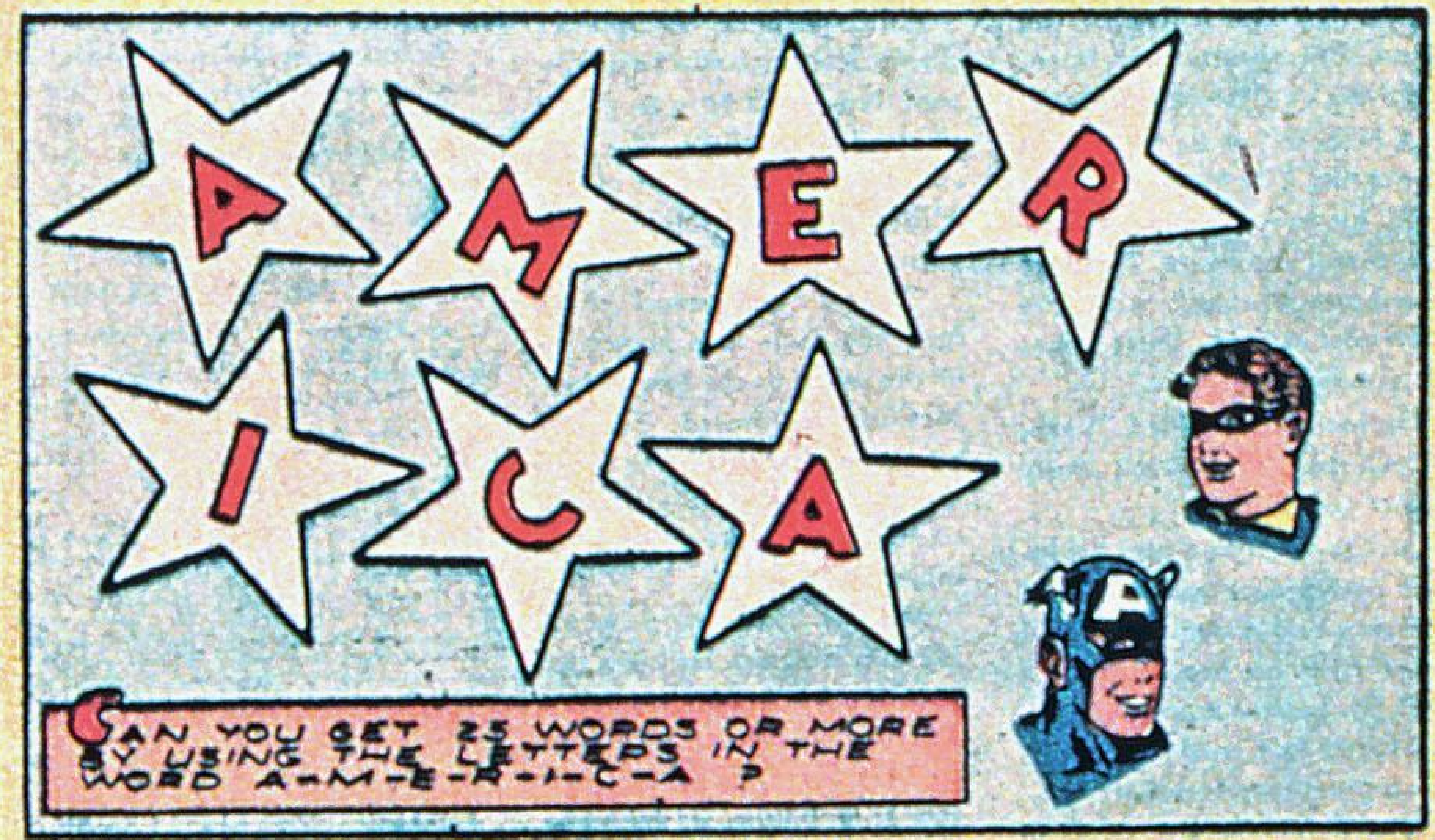
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of September, 1946.

(SEAL) SYLVIA FISCHER.
(My commission expires March 30, 1947.)

CAPTAIN AMERICA FUN PAGE

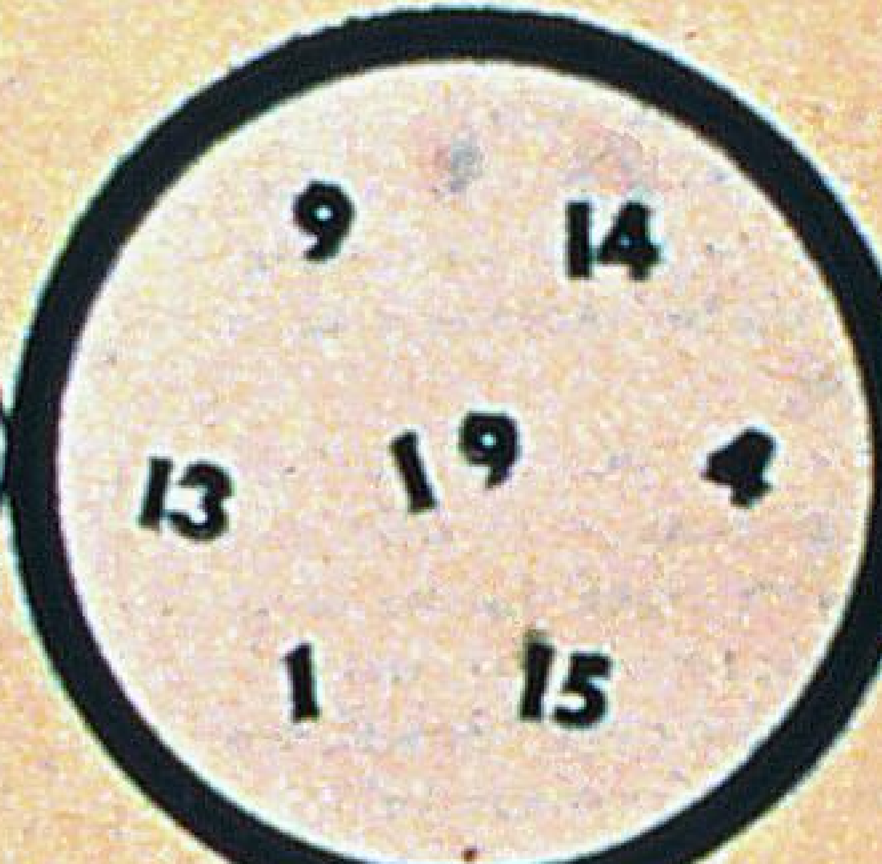


CAN YOU GET 25 WORDS OR MORE BY USING THE LETTERS IN THE WORD A-M-E-R-I-C-A ?

H			R
O			R
N			R
E			R
Y			R

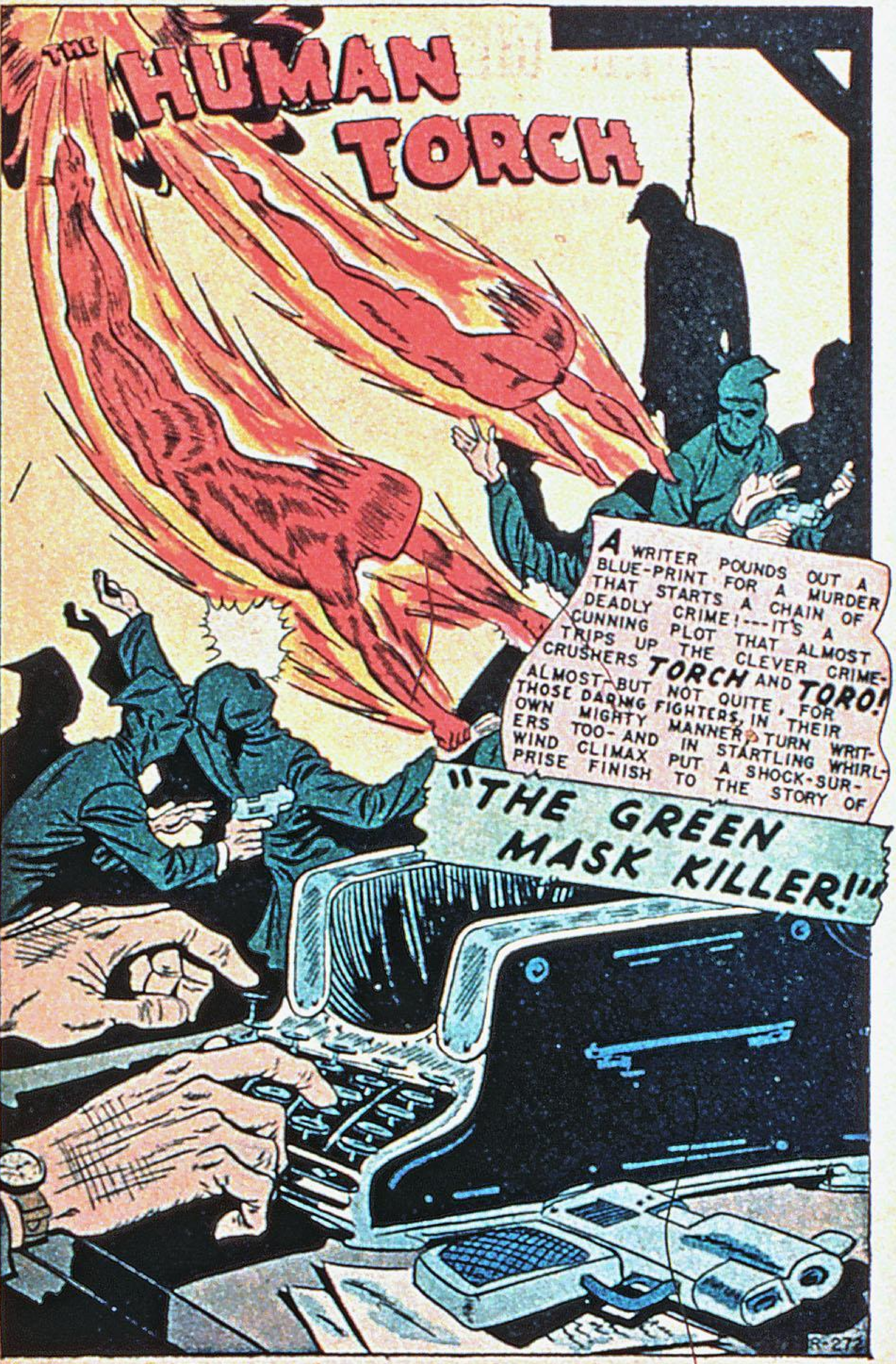
BY PUTTING THE PROPER LETTERS IN THE EMPTY SQUARES, SEE IF YOU CAN COMPLETE THE ABOVE FIVE WORDS . . . .

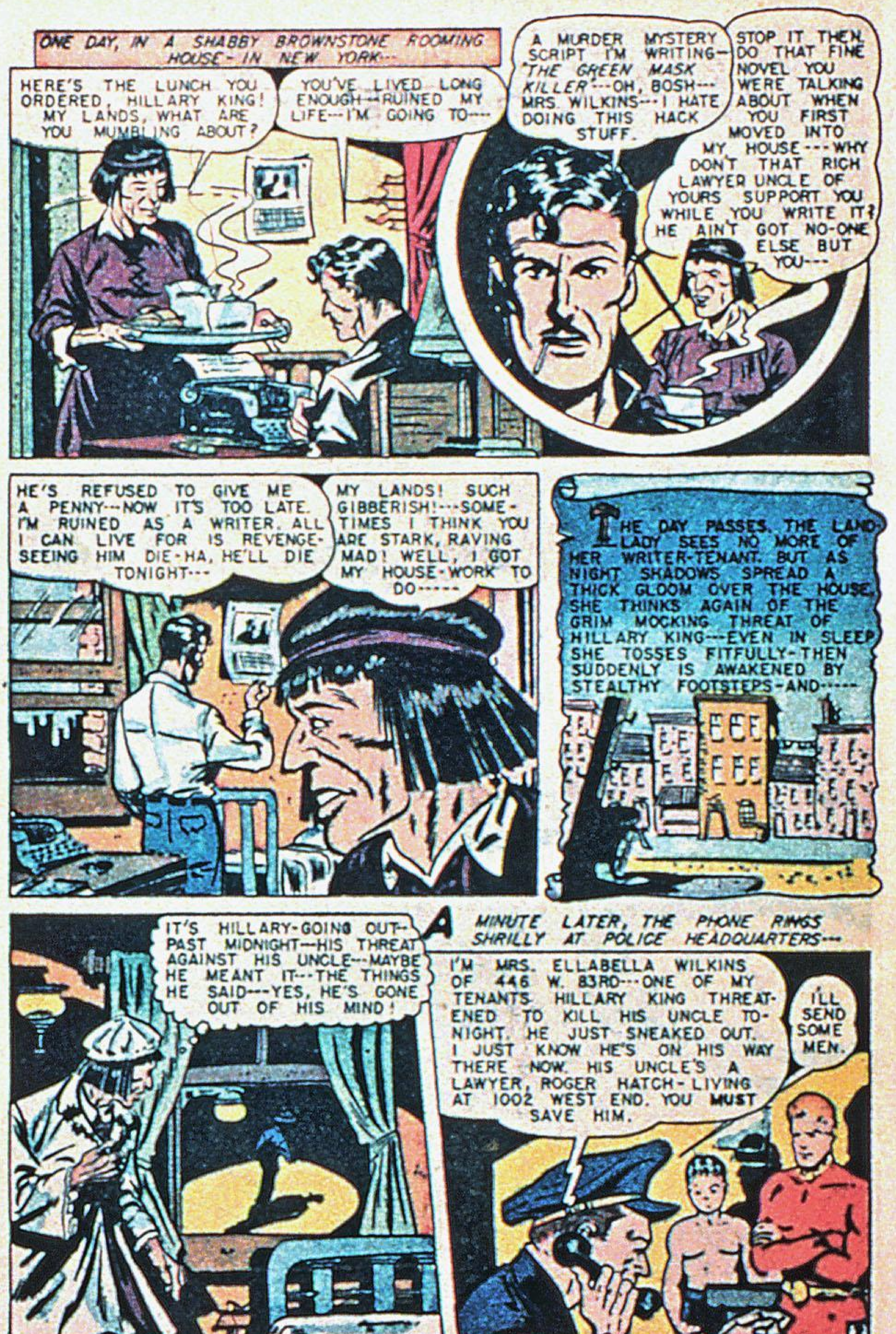
DECODE THE NUMBERS BY CHANGING THEM TO LETTERS AND YOU WILL HAVE THE NAME OF THE 4TH. PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!
1 IS A
2 IS B
3 IS C
ETC.

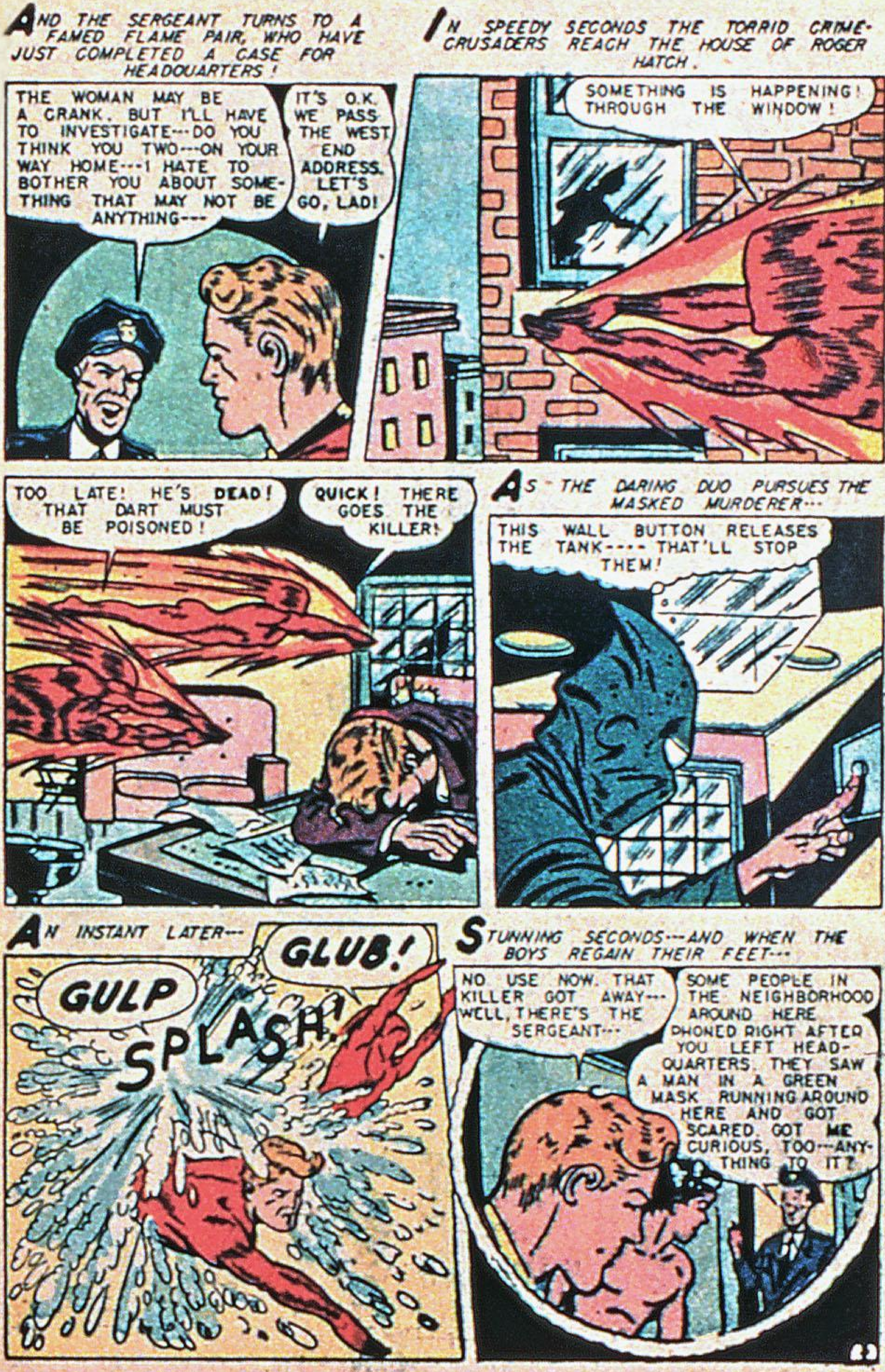


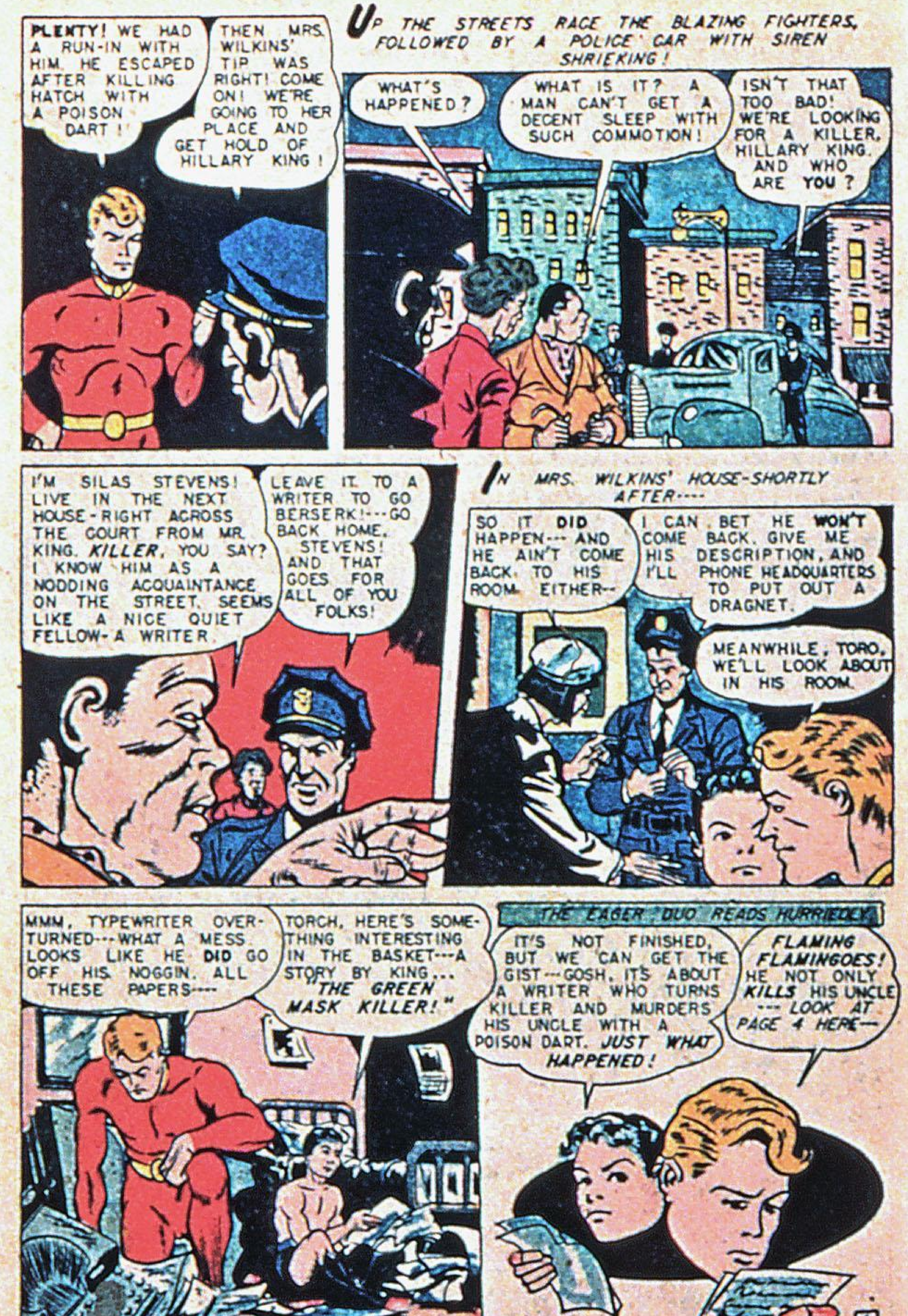
PUT 4 WORDS IN THE SIXTEEN SQUARES SO THEY WILL READ THE SAME DOWN AND ACROSS! CAN YOU DO IT?

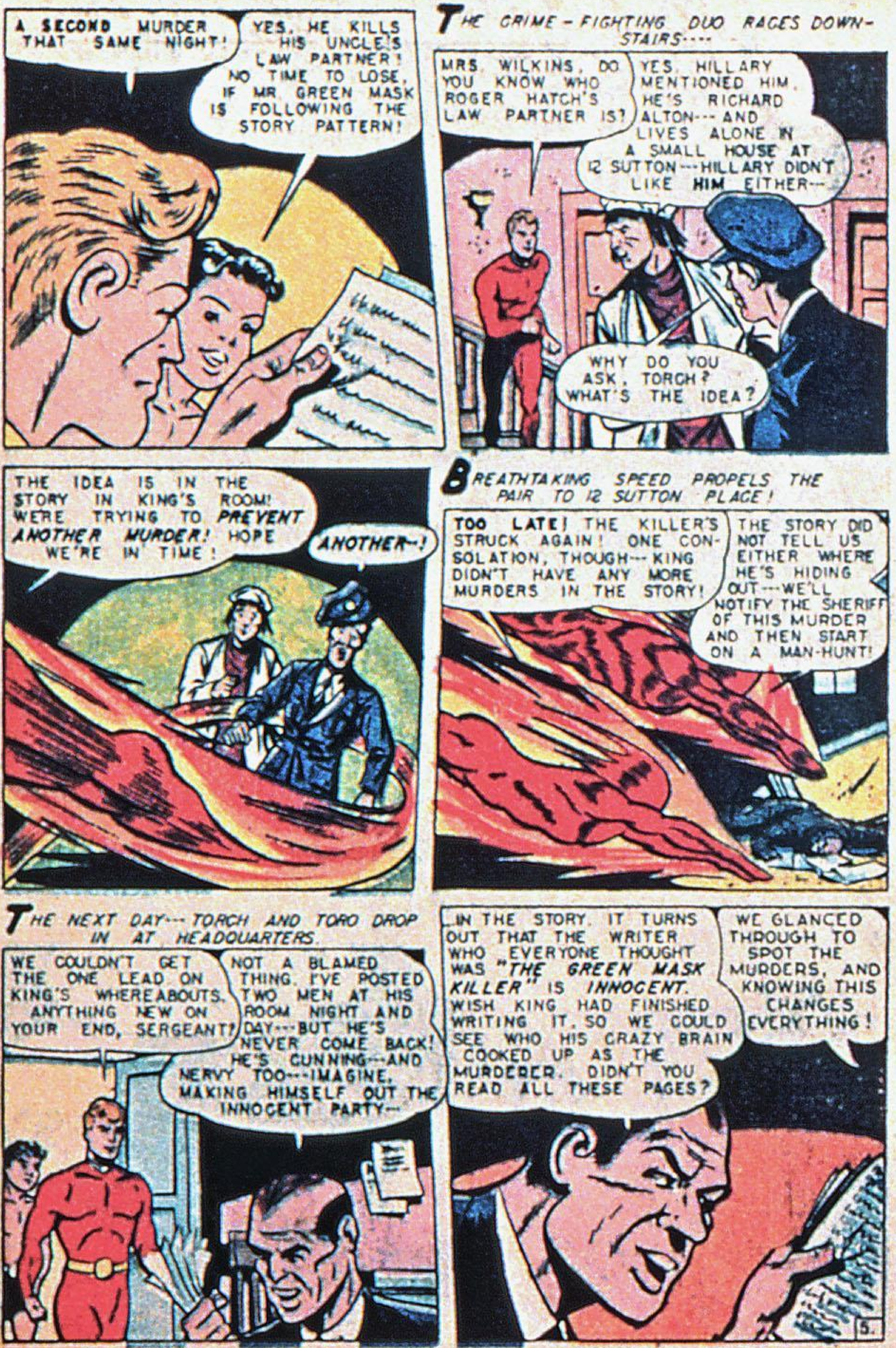
S			
	R		
		S	
			E

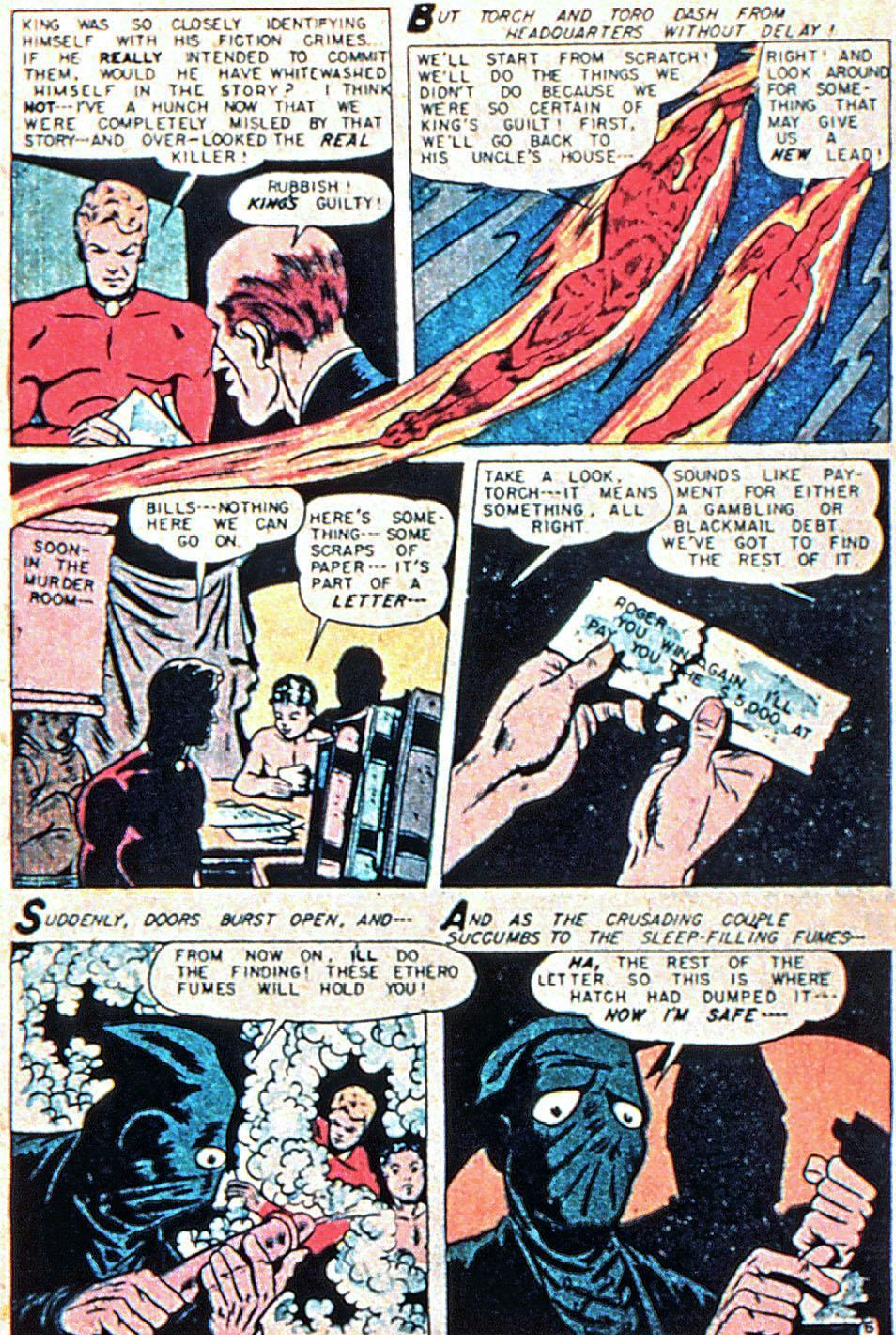

THE HUMAN TORCH
A WRITER POUNDS OUT A BLUE-PRINT FOR A MURDER THAT STARTS A CHAIN OF DEADLY CRIME!---IT'S A CUNNING PLOT THAT ALMOST TRIPS UP THE CLEVER CRIME-CRUSHERS TORCH AND TORO! ALMOST-BUT NOT QUITE, FOR THOSE DARING FIGHTERS, IN THEIR OWN MIGHTY MANNER, TURN WRITERS TOO-AND IN STARTLING WHIRLWIND CLIMAX PUT A SHOCK-SURPRISE FINISH TO THE STORY OF
"THE GREEN MASK KILLER!"
R-272

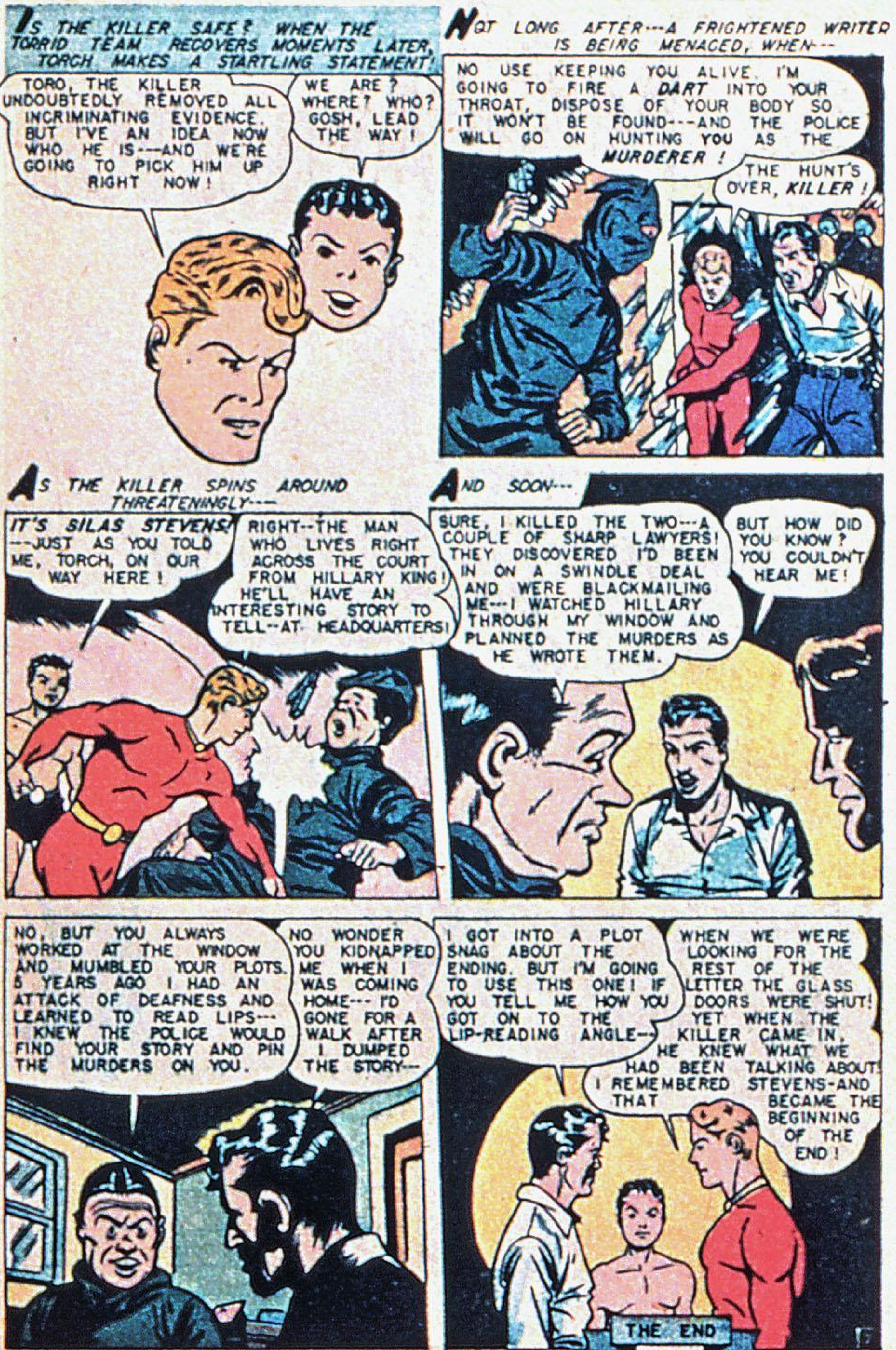

ONE DAY, IN A SHABBY BROWNSTONE ROOMING HOUSE- IN NEW YORK---
HERE'S THE LUNCH YOU ORDERED, HILLARY KING! MY LANDS, WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT?
YOU'VE LIVED LONG ENOUGH--RUINED MY LIFE--I'M GOING TO----
A MURDER MYSTERY SCRIPT I'M WRITING--"THE GREEN MASK KILLER"--OH, BOSH--- MRS. WILKINS---I HATE DOING THIS HACK STUFF.
STOP IT THEN. DO THAT FINE NOVEL YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT WHEN YOU FIRST MOVED INTO MY HOUSE---WHY DON'T THAT RICH LAWYER UNCLE OF YOURS SUPPORT YOU WHILE YOU WRITE IT? HE AIN'T GOT NO-ONE ELSE BUT YOU---
HE'S REFUSED TO GIVE ME A PENNY---NOW IT'S TOO LATE. I'M RUINED AS A WRITER. ALL I CAN LIVE FOR IS REVENGE-SEEING HIM DIE-HA, HE'LL DIE TONIGHT---
MY LANDS! SUCH GIBBERISH!---SOMETIMES I THINK YOU ARE STARK, RAVING MAD! WELL, I GOT MY HOUSE-WORK TO DO-----
THE DAY PASSES. THE LANDLADY SEES NO MORE OF HER WRITER-TENANT. BUT AS NIGHT SHADOWS SPREAD A THICK GLOOM OVER THE HOUSE, SHE THINKS AGAIN OF THE GRIM MOCKING THREAT OF HILLARY KING---EVEN IN SLEEP SHE TOSSES FITFULLY-THEN SUDDENLY IS AWAKENED BY STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS-AND-----
IT'S HILLARY-GOING OUT-PAST MIDNIGHT--HIS THREAT AGAINST HIS UNCLE--MAYBE HE MEANT IT---THE THINGS HE SAID---YES, HE'S GONE OUT OF HIS MIND!
A MINUTE LATER, THE PHONE RINGS SHRILLY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS---
I'M MRS. ELLABELLA WILKINS OF 446 W. 83RD---ONE OF MY TENANTS HILLARY KING THREATENED TO KILL HIS UNCLE TONIGHT. HE JUST SNEAKED OUT. I JUST KNOW HE'S ON HIS WAY THERE NOW. HIS UNCLE'S A LAWYER, ROGER HATCH-LIVING AT 1002 WEST END. YOU **MUST** SAVE HIM.
I'LL SEND SOME MEN.


AND THE SERGEANT TURNS TO A FAMED FLAME PAIR, WHO HAVE JUST COMPLETED A CASE FOR HEADQUARTERS!
THE WOMAN MAY BE A CRANK. BUT I'LL HAVE TO INVESTIGATE---DO YOU THINK YOU TWO---ON YOUR WAY HOME---I HATE TO BOTHER YOU ABOUT SOMETHING THAT MAY NOT BE ANYTHING---
IT'S O.K. WE PASS THE WEST END ADDRESS. LET'S GO, LAD!
IN SPEEDY SECONDS THE TORRID CRIME-CRUSADERS REACH THE HOUSE OF ROGER HATCH.
SOMETHING IS HAPPENING! THROUGH THE WINDOW!
TOO LATE! HE'S DEAD! THAT DART MUST BE POISONED!
QUICK! THERE GOES THE KILLER!
AS THE DARING DUO PURSUES THE MASKED MURDERER---
THIS WALL BUTTON RELEASES THE TANK---- THAT'LL STOP THEM!
AN INSTANT LATER---
GLUB!
GULP
SPLASH!
STUNNING SECONDS---AND WHEN THE BOYS REGAIN THEIR FEET---
NO USE NOW. THAT KILLER GOT AWAY--- WELL, THERE'S THE SERGEANT---
SOME PEOPLE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AROUND HERE PHONED RIGHT AFTER YOU LEFT HEADQUARTERS. THEY SAW A MAN IN A GREEN MASK RUNNING AROUND HERE AND GOT SCARED. GOT ME CURIOUS, TOO---ANYTHING TO IT?


PLENTY! WE HAD A RUN-IN WITH HIM. HE ESCAPED AFTER KILLING HATCH WITH A POISON DART!
THEN MRS. WILKINS' TIP WAS RIGHT! COME ON! WE'RE GOING TO HER PLACE AND GET HOLD OF HILLARY KING!
UP THE STREETS RACE THE BLAZING FIGHTERS, FOLLOWED BY A POLICE CAR WITH SIREN SHRIEKING!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
WHAT IS IT? A MAN CAN'T GET A DECENT SLEEP WITH SUCH COMMOTION!
ISN'T THAT TOO BAD! WE'RE LOOKING FOR A KILLER, HILLARY KING. AND WHO ARE YOU?
I'M SILAS STEVENS! LIVE IN THE NEXT HOUSE-RIGHT ACROSS THE COURT FROM MR. KING. KILLER, YOU SAY? I KNOW HIM AS A NODDING ACQUAINTANCE ON THE STREET. SEEMS LIKE A NICE QUIET FELLOW-A WRITER.
LEAVE IT TO A WRITER TO GO BERSERK!---GO BACK HOME, STEVENS! AND THAT GOES FOR ALL OF YOU FOLKS!
IN MRS. WILKINS' HOUSE-SHORTLY AFTER----
SO IT DID HAPPEN--- AND HE AIN'T COME BACK TO HIS ROOM EITHER--
I CAN BET HE WON'T COME BACK. GIVE ME HIS DESCRIPTION, AND I'LL PHONE HEADQUARTERS TO PUT OUT A DRAGNET.
MEANWHILE, TORO, WE'LL LOOK ABOUT IN HIS ROOM.
MMM, TYPEWRITER OVERTURNED---WHAT A MESS. LOOKS LIKE HE DID GO OFF HIS NOGGIN. ALL THESE PAPERS----
TORCH, HERE'S SOMETHING INTERESTING IN THE BASKET---A STORY BY KING... "THE GREEN MASK KILLER!"
THE EAGER DUO READS HURRIEDLY
IT'S NOT FINISHED, BUT WE CAN GET THE GIST---GOSH, IT'S ABOUT A WRITER WHO TURNS KILLER AND MURDERS HIS UNCLE WITH A POISON DART. JUST WHAT HAPPENED!
FLAMING FLAMINGOES! HE NOT ONLY KILLS HIS UNCLE --- LOOK AT PAGE 4 HERE---


A SECOND MURDER THAT SAME NIGHT!
YES. HE KILLS HIS UNCLE'S LAW PARTNER! NO TIME TO LOSE, IF MR. GREEN MASK IS FOLLOWING THE STORY PATTERN!
THE CRIME-FIGHTING DUO RACES DOWN-STAIRS----
MRS. WILKINS, DO YOU KNOW WHO ROGER HATCH'S LAW PARTNER IS?
YES. HILLARY MENTIONED HIM. HE'S RICHARD ALTON--- AND LIVES ALONE IN A SMALL HOUSE AT 12 SUTTON---HILLARY DIDN'T LIKE HIM EITHER--
WHY DO YOU ASK, TORCH? WHAT'S THE IDEA?
THE IDEA IS IN THE STORY IN KING'S ROOM! WE'RE TRYING TO PREVENT ANOTHER MURDER! HOPE WE'RE IN TIME!
ANOTHER--!
BREATHTAKING SPEED PROPELS THE PAIR TO 12 SUTTON PLACE!
TOO LATE! THE KILLER'S STRUCK AGAIN! ONE CONSOLATION, THOUGH--- KING DIDN'T HAVE ANY MORE MURDERS IN THE STORY!
THE STORY DID NOT TELL US EITHER WHERE HE'S HIDING OUT---WE'LL NOTIFY THE SHERIFF OF THIS MURDER AND THEN START ON A MAN-HUNT!
THE NEXT DAY--- TORCH AND TORO DROP IN AT HEADQUARTERS.
WE COULDN'T GET THE ONE LEAD ON KING'S WHEREABOUTS. ANYTHING NEW ON YOUR END, SERGEANT?
NOT A BLAMED THING. I'VE POSTED TWO MEN AT HIS ROOM NIGHT AND DAY---BUT HE'S NEVER COME BACK! HE'S CUNNING---AND NERVY TOO---IMAGINE, MAKING HIMSELF OUT THE INNOCENT PARTY--
..IN THE STORY, IT TURNS OUT THAT THE WRITER WHO EVERYONE THOUGHT WAS "THE GREEN MASK KILLER" IS INNOCENT. WISH KING HAD FINISHED WRITING IT, SO WE COULD SEE WHO HIS CRAZY BRAIN COOKED UP AS THE MURDERER. DIDN'T YOU READ ALL THESE PAGES?
WE GLANCED THROUGH TO SPOT THE MURDERS, AND KNOWING THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING!


KING WAS SO CLOSELY IDENTIFYING HIMSELF WITH HIS FICTION CRIMES... IF HE REALLY INTENDED TO COMMIT THEM, WOULD HE HAVE WHITEWASHED HIMSELF IN THE STORY? I THINK NOT---I'VE A HUNCH NOW THAT WE WERE COMPLETELY MISLED BY THAT STORY---AND OVER-LOOKED THE REAL KILLER!
RUBBISH! KING'S GUILTY!
BUT TORCH AND TORO DASH FROM HEADQUARTERS WITHOUT DELAY!
WE'LL START FROM SCRATCH! WE'LL DO THE THINGS WE DIDN'T DO BECAUSE WE WERE SO CERTAIN OF KING'S GUILT! FIRST, WE'LL GO BACK TO HIS UNCLE'S HOUSE---
RIGHT! AND LOOK AROUND FOR SOMETHING THAT MAY GIVE US A NEW LEAD!
SOON--IN THE MURDER ROOM--
BILLS---NOTHING HERE WE CAN GO ON.
HERE'S SOMETHING--- SOME SCRAPS OF PAPER--- IT'S PART OF A LETTER---
TAKE A LOOK, TORCH---IT MEANS SOMETHING, ALL RIGHT.
SOUNDS LIKE PAYMENT FOR EITHER A GAMBLING OR BLACKMAIL DEBT. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE REST OF IT.
ROGER YOU WIN AGAIN I'LL PAY YOU HE $5,000 AT
SUDDENLY, DOORS BURST OPEN, AND---
FROM NOW ON, I'LL DO THE FINDING! THESE ETHERO FUMES WILL HOLD YOU!
AND AS THE CRUSADING COUPLE SUCCUMBS TO THE SLEEP-FILLING FUMES--
HA, THE REST OF THE LETTER. SO THIS IS WHERE HATCH HAD DUMPED IT--- NOW I'M SAFE----


IS THE KILLER SAFE? WHEN THE TORRID TEAM RECOVERS MOMENTS LATER, TORCH MAKES A STARTLING STATEMENT!
TORO, THE KILLER UNDOUBTEDLY REMOVED ALL INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE. BUT I'VE AN IDEA NOW WHO HE IS---AND WE'RE GOING TO PICK HIM UP RIGHT NOW!
WE ARE? WHERE? WHO? GOSH, LEAD THE WAY!
NOT LONG AFTER---A FRIGHTENED WRITER IS BEING MENACED, WHEN---
NO USE KEEPING YOU ALIVE. I'M GOING TO FIRE A DART INTO YOUR THROAT, DISPOSE OF YOUR BODY SO IT WON'T BE FOUND---AND THE POLICE WILL GO ON HUNTING YOU AS THE MURDERER!
THE HUNT'S OVER, KILLER!
AS THE KILLER SPINS AROUND THREATENINGLY---
IT'S SILAS STEVENS! ---JUST AS YOU TOLD ME, TORCH, ON OUR WAY HERE!
RIGHT--THE MAN WHO LIVES RIGHT ACROSS THE COURT FROM HILLARY KING! HE'LL HAVE AN INTERESTING STORY TO TELL--AT HEADQUARTERS!
AND SOON---
SURE, I KILLED THE TWO---A COUPLE OF SHARP LAWYERS! THEY DISCOVERED I'D BEEN IN ON A SWINDLE DEAL AND WERE BLACKMAILING ME---I WATCHED HILLARY THROUGH MY WINDOW AND PLANNED THE MURDERS AS HE WROTE THEM.
BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW? YOU COULDN'T HEAR ME!
NO, BUT YOU ALWAYS WORKED AT THE WINDOW AND MUMBLED YOUR PLOTS. 5 YEARS AGO I HAD AN ATTACK OF DEAFNESS AND LEARNED TO READ LIPS---I KNEW THE POLICE WOULD FIND YOUR STORY AND PIN THE MURDERS ON YOU.
NO WONDER YOU KIDNAPPED ME WHEN I WAS COMING HOME---I'D GONE FOR A WALK AFTER I DUMPED THE STORY---
I GOT INTO A PLOT SNAG ABOUT THE ENDING. BUT I'M GOING TO USE THIS ONE! IF YOU TELL ME HOW YOU GOT ON TO THE LIP-READING ANGLE---
WHEN WE WERE LOOKING FOR THE REST OF THE LETTER THE GLASS DOORS WERE SHUT! YET WHEN THE KILLER CAME IN, HE KNEW WHAT WE HAD BEEN TALKING ABOUT! I REMEMBERED STEVENS-AND THAT BECAME THE BEGINNING OF THE END!
THE END
7

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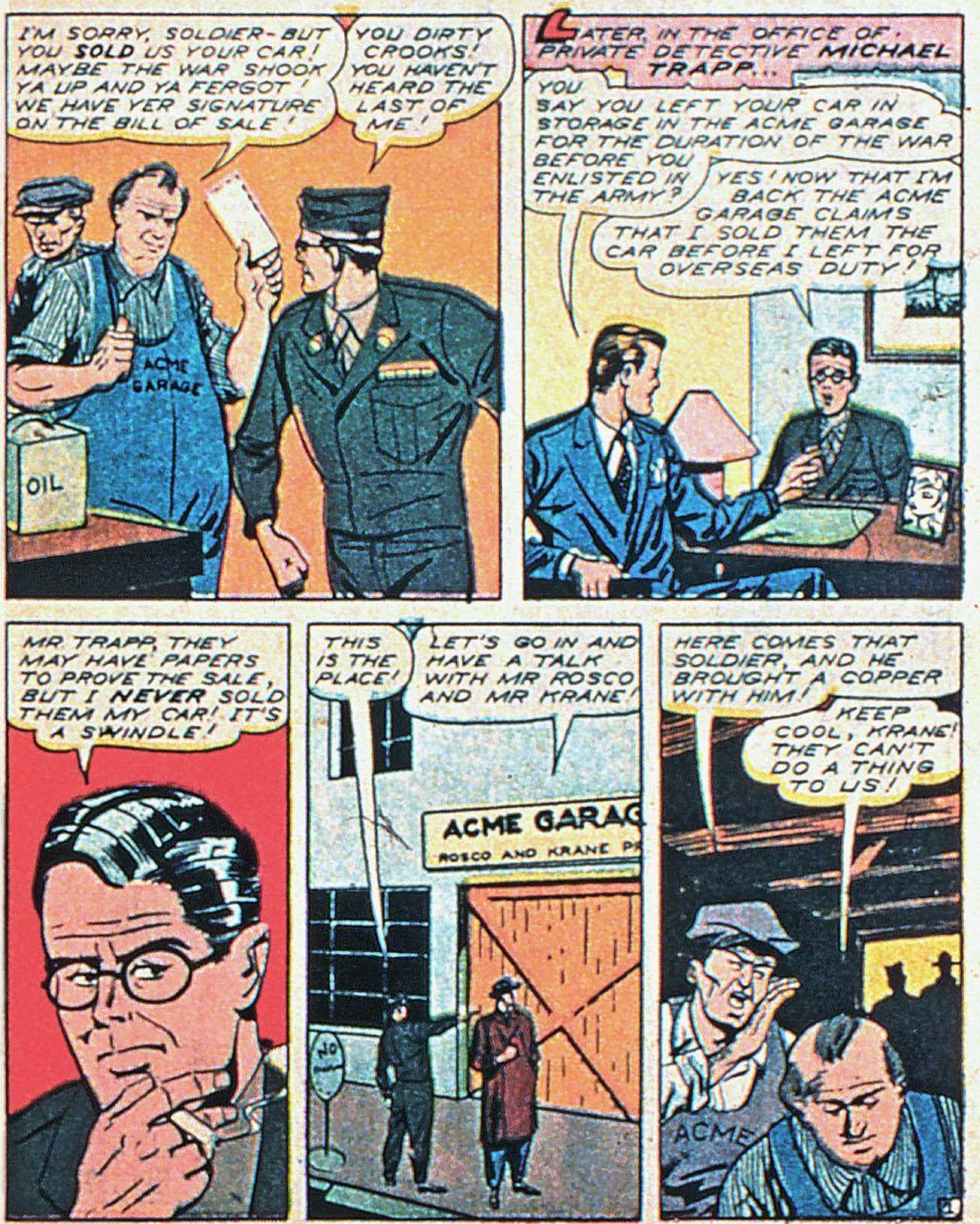
LET'S PLAY

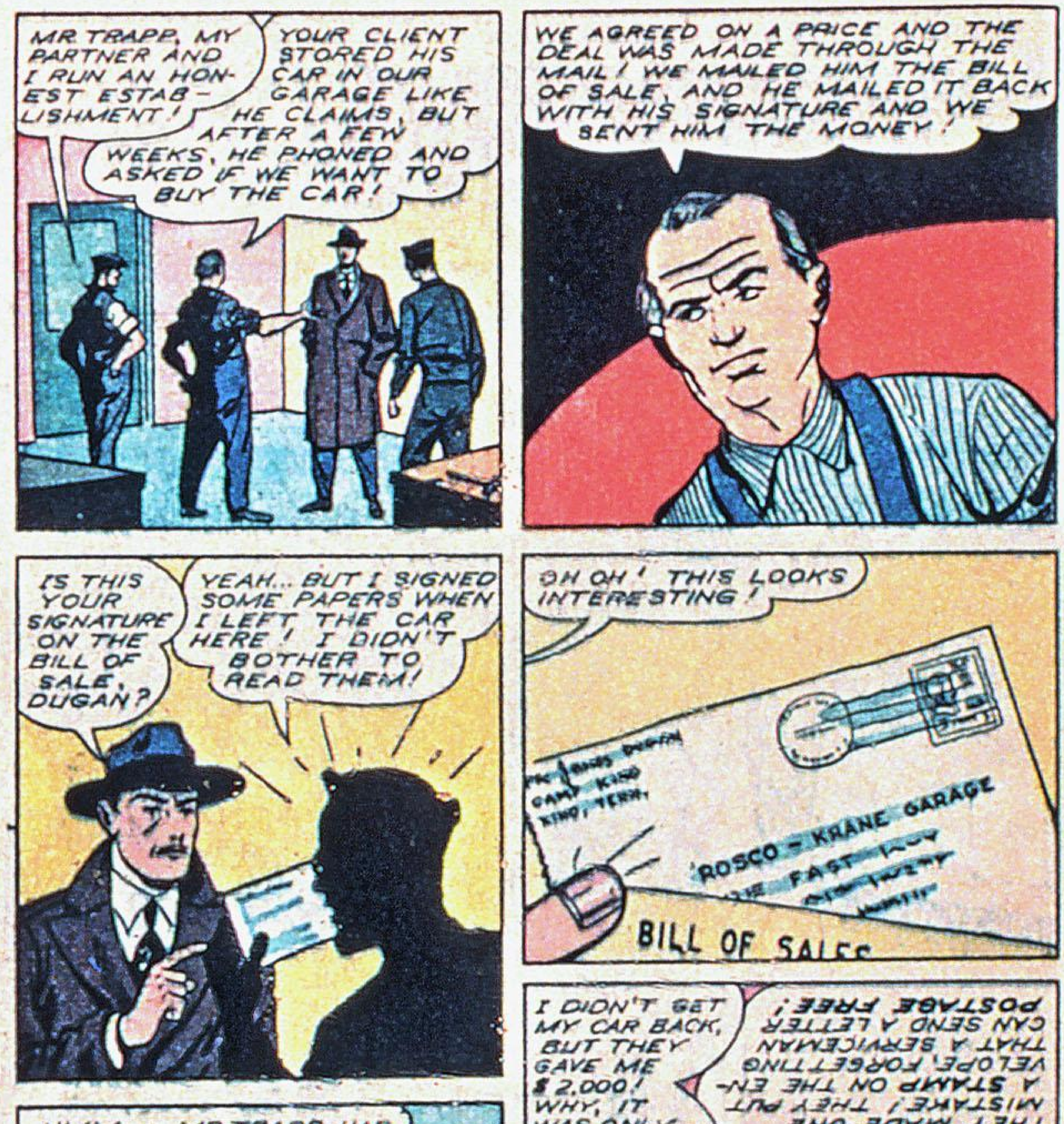
DETECTIVE

"STOP THAT SWINDLE!"

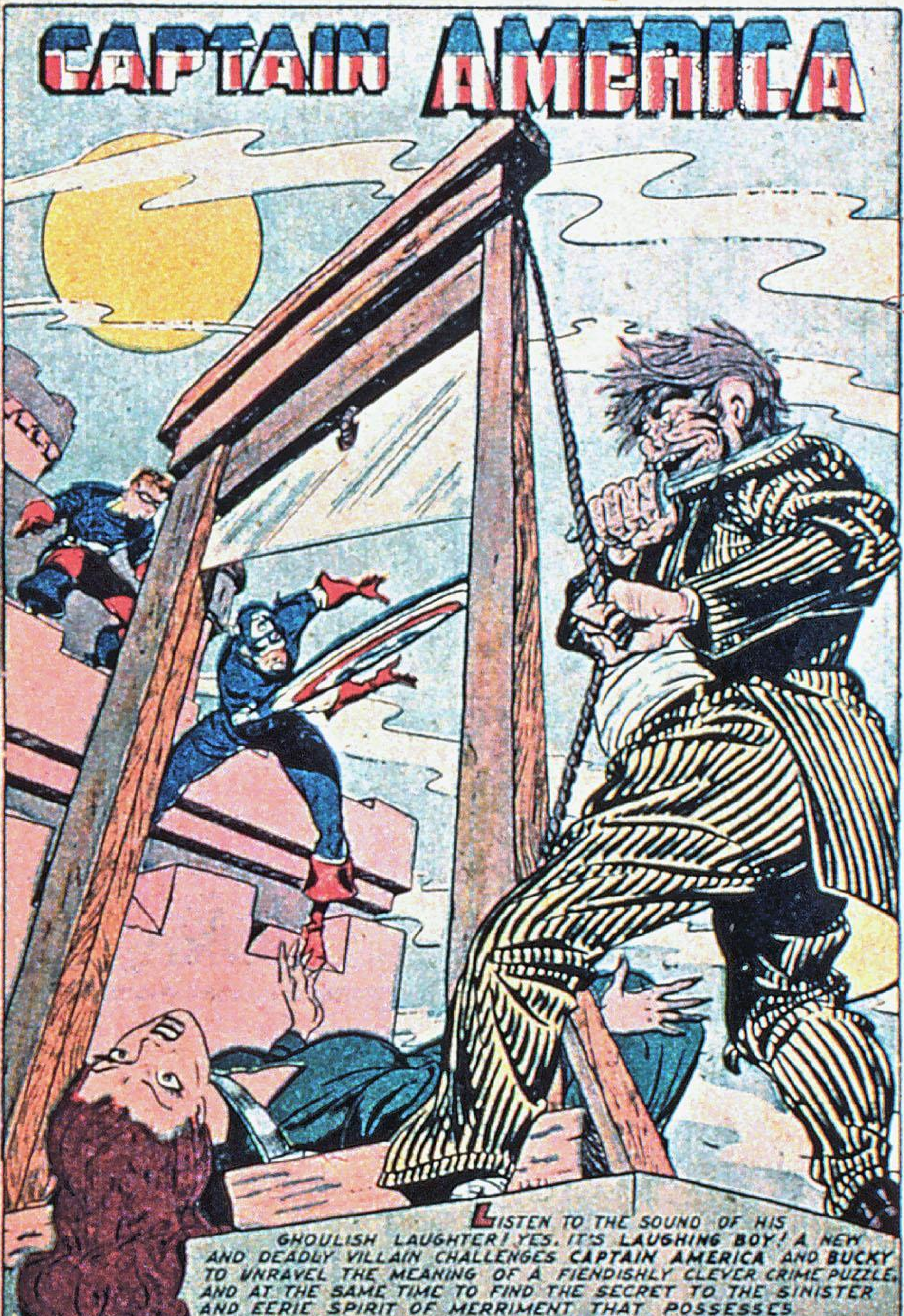
STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP

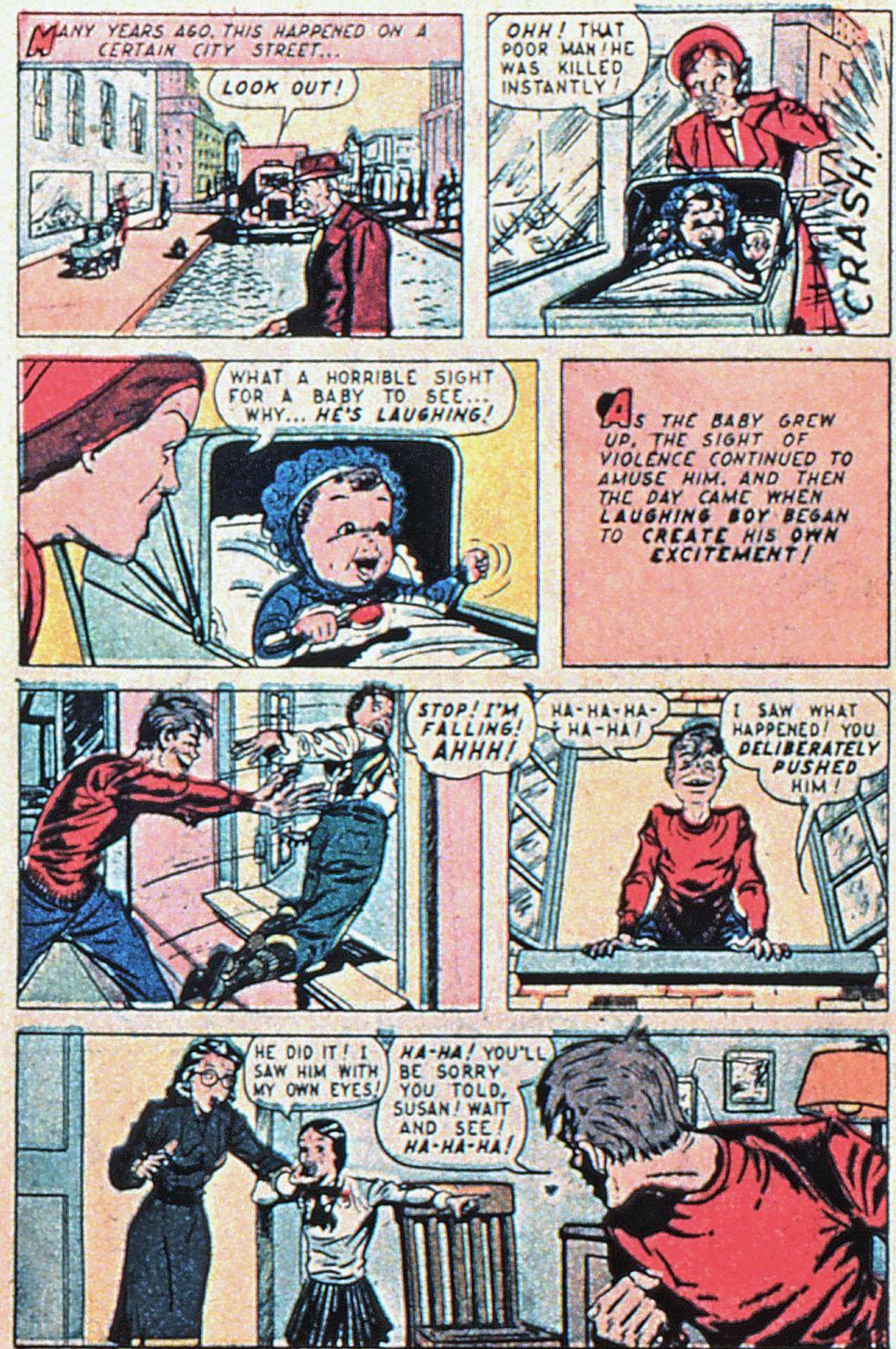
D-368

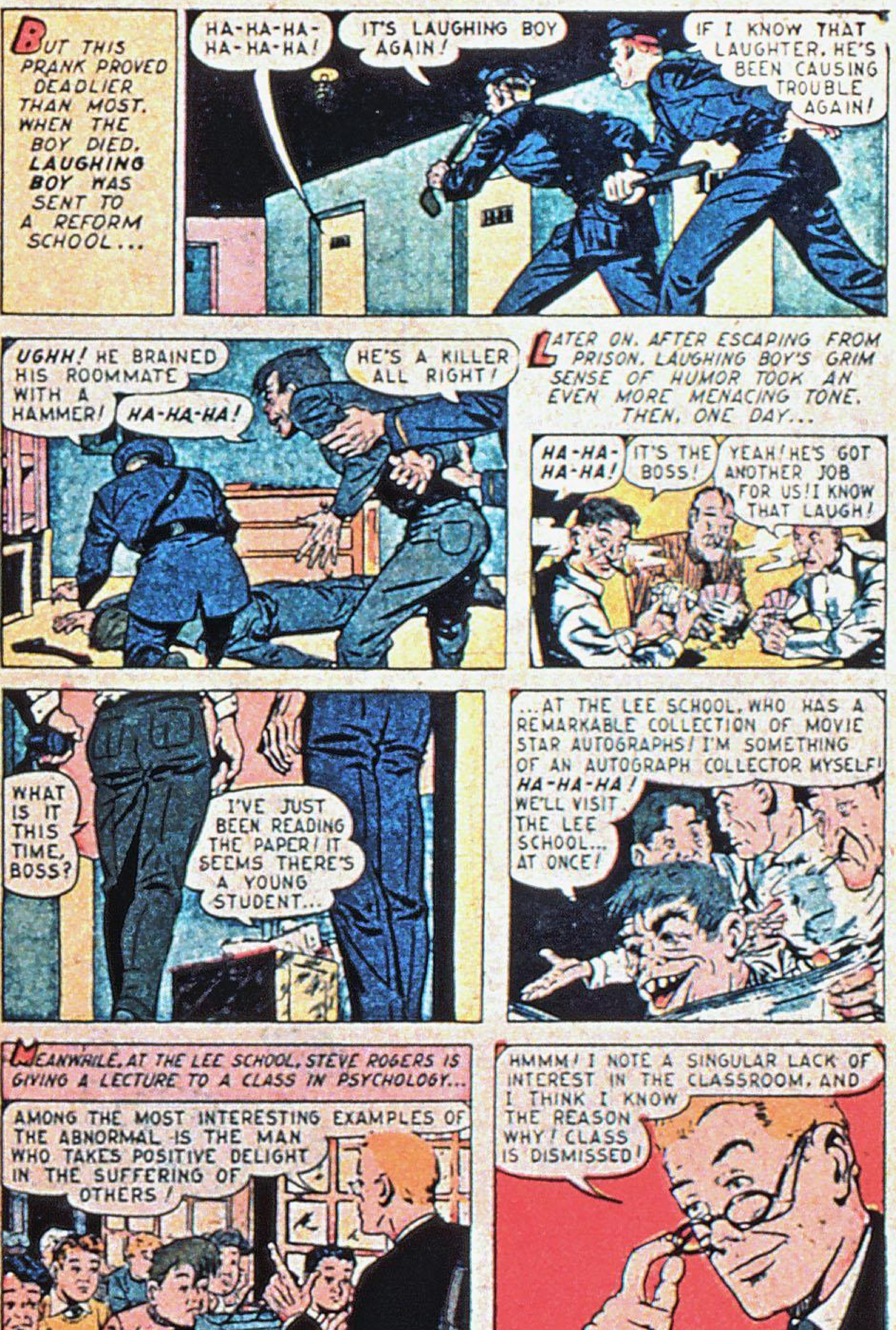

I'M SORRY, SOLDIER- BUT YOU SOLD US YOUR CAR! MAYBE THE WAR SHOOK YA UP AND YA FERGOT! WE HAVE YER SIGNATURE ON THE BILL OF SALE!
YOU DIRTY CROOKS! YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF ME!
ACME GARAGE
OIL
LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF PRIVATE DETECTIVE MICHAEL TRAPP...
YOU SAY YOU LEFT YOUR CAR IN STORAGE IN THE ACME GARAGE FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR BEFORE YOU ENLISTED IN THE ARMY?
YES! NOW THAT I'M BACK THE ACME GARAGE CLAIMS THAT I SOLD THEM THE CAR BEFORE I LEFT FOR OVERSEAS DUTY!
MR TRAPP, THEY MAY HAVE PAPERS TO PROVE THE SALE, BUT I NEVER SOLD THEM MY CAR! IT'S A SWINDLE!
THIS IS THE PLACE!
LET'S GO IN AND HAVE A TALK WITH MR ROSCO AND MR KRANE!
ACME GARAG
ROSCO AND KRANE PR
NO
HERE COMES THAT SOLDIER, AND HE BROUGHT A COPPER WITH HIM!
KEEP COOL, KRANE! THEY CAN'T DO A THING TO US!
ACME
1

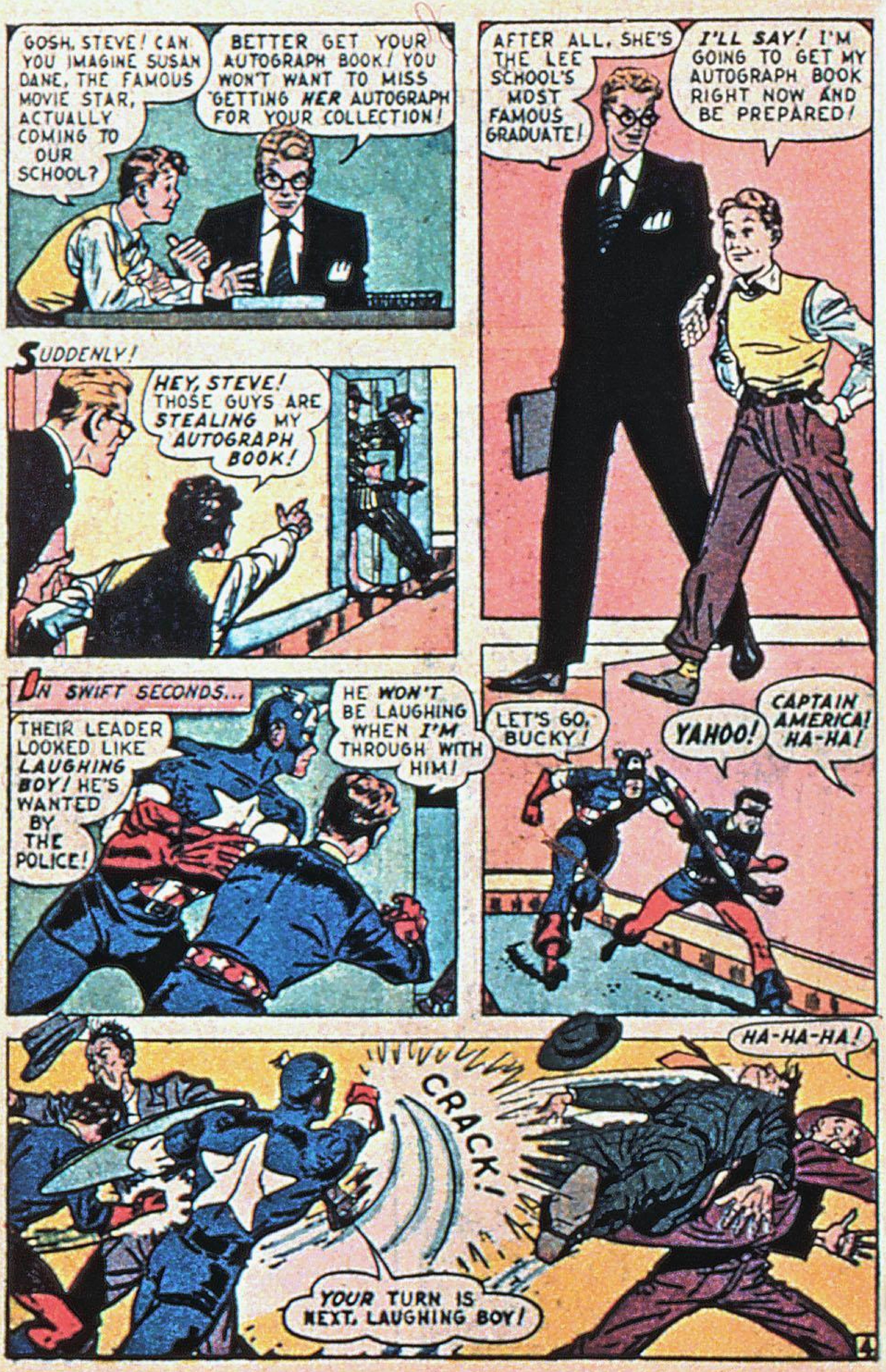

MR. TRAPP, MY PARTNER AND I RUN AN HONEST ESTABLISHMENT!
YOUR CLIENT STORED HIS CAR IN OUR GARAGE LIKE HE CLAIMS, BUT AFTER A FEW WEEKS, HE PHONED AND ASKED IF WE WANT TO BUY THE CAR!
WE AGREED ON A PRICE AND THE DEAL WAS MADE THROUGH THE MAIL! WE MAILED HIM THE BILL OF SALE, AND HE MAILED IT BACK WITH HIS SIGNATURE AND WE SENT HIM THE MONEY!
IS THIS YOUR SIGNATURE ON THE BILL OF SALE, DUGAN?
YEAH... BUT I SIGNED SOME PAPERS WHEN I LEFT THE CAR HERE! I DIDN'T BOTHER TO READ THEM!
OH OH! THIS LOOKS INTERESTING!
CAMP KING
KING, TENN.
ROSCO - KRANE GARAGE
BILL OF SALE
HMM--- MR. TRAPP HAS TAKEN THEM ASIDE... I WONDER WHAT HE IS SAYING TO THEM?
OIL
I DIDN'T GET MY CAR BACK, BUT THEY GAVE ME $2,000! WHY, IT WAS ONLY WORTH $800! WHAT DID YOU SAY TO THEM THAT MADE 'EM PAY UP?
YOU REALLY SIGNED A BILL OF SALE WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU SIGNED STORAGE PAPERS! THEN, TO STRENGTHEN THEIR STORY, THEY FORGED THAT ENVELOPE! BUT THEY MADE ONE MISTAKE! THEY PUT A STAMP ON THE ENVELOPE, FORGETTING THAT A SERVICEMAN CAN SEND A LETTER POSTAGE FREE!

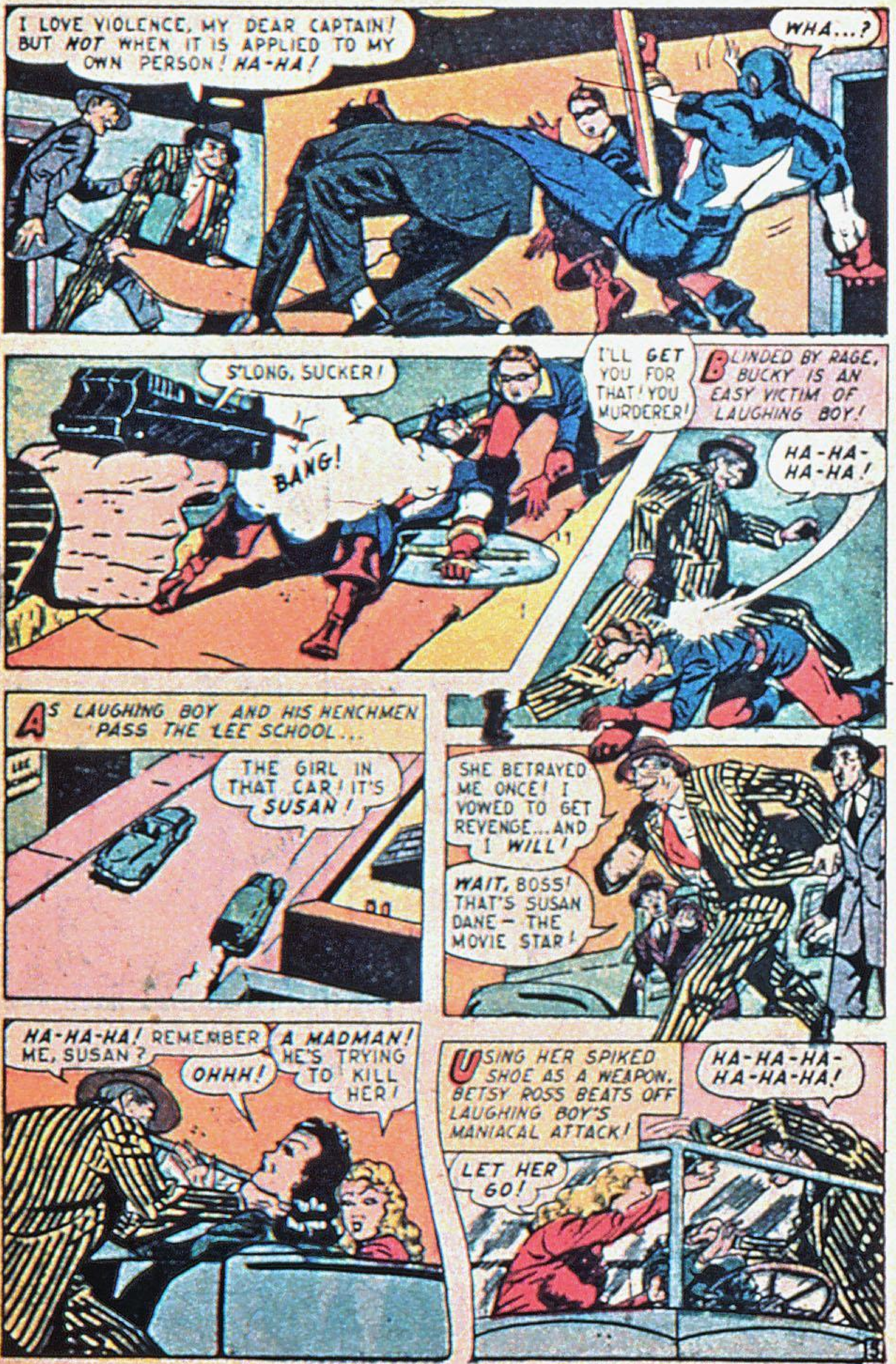
TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION!

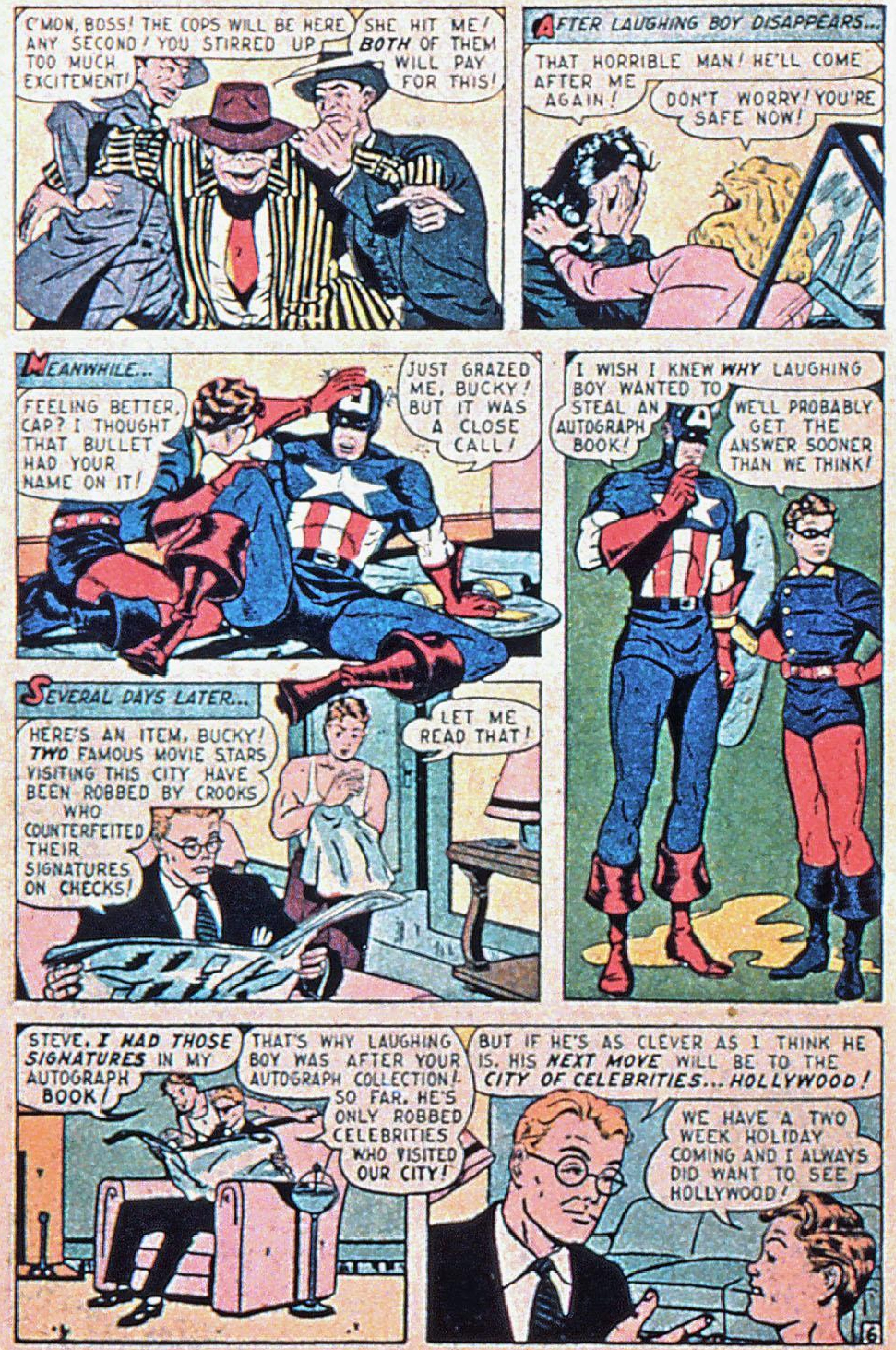

CAPTAIN AMERICA
LISTEN TO THE SOUND OF HIS GHOULISH LAUGHTER! YES, IT'S LAUGHING BOY! A NEW AND DEADLY VILLAIN CHALLENGES CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY TO UNRAVEL THE MEANING OF A FIENDISHLY CLEVER CRIME PUZZLE, AND AT THE SAME TIME TO FIND THE SECRET TO THE SINISTER AND EERIE SPIRIT OF MERRIMENT THAT POSSESSES CRIMEDOM'S CACKLING CHIEFTAIN, AS...
"DEATH ENTERS...LAUGHING!"

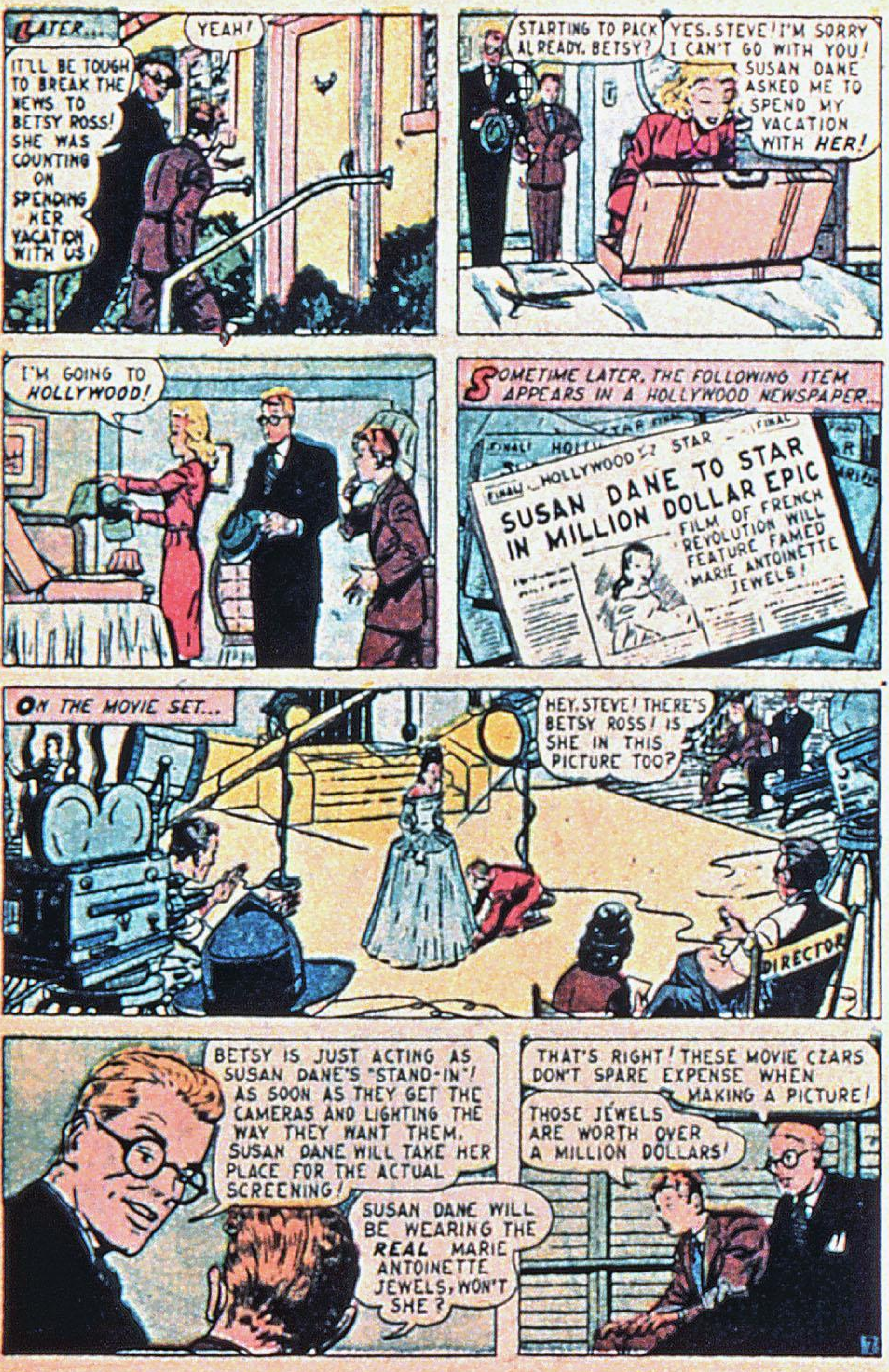

MANY YEARS AGO, THIS HAPPENED ON A CERTAIN CITY STREET...
LOOK OUT!
OHH! THAT POOR MAN! HE WAS KILLED INSTANTLY!
CRASH!
WHAT A HORRIBLE SIGHT FOR A BABY TO SEE... WHY... HE'S LAUGHING!
AS THE BABY GREW UP, THE SIGHT OF VIOLENCE CONTINUED TO AMUSE HIM. AND THEN THE DAY CAME WHEN LAUGHING BOY BEGAN TO CREATE HIS OWN EXCITEMENT!
STOP! I'M FALLING! AHHH!
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
I SAW WHAT HAPPENED! YOU DELIBERATELY PUSHED HIM!
HE DID IT! I SAW HIM WITH MY OWN EYES!
HA-HA! YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU TOLD, SUSAN! WAIT AND SEE! HA-HA-HA!

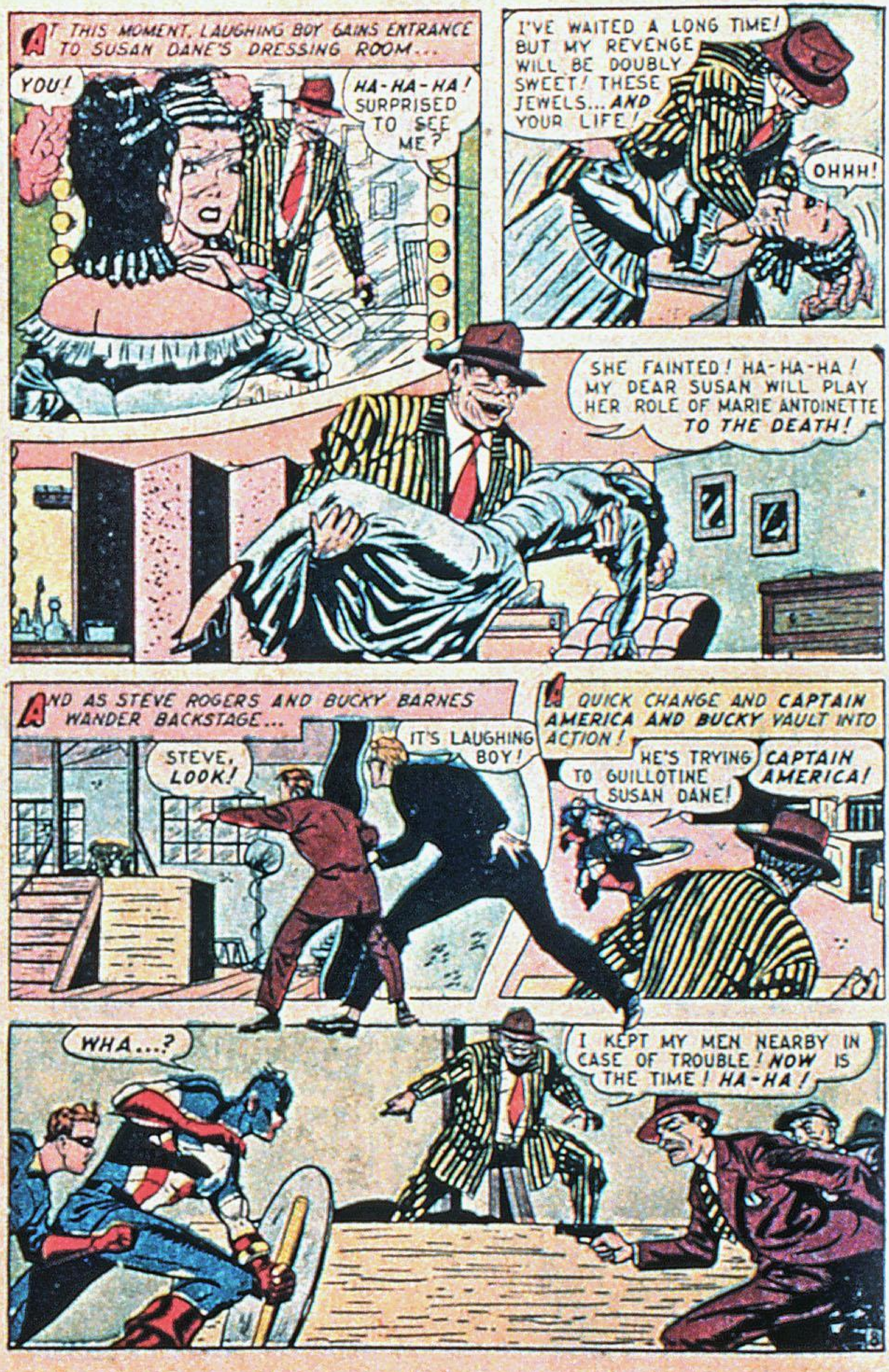

But this prank proved deadlier than most. When the boy died, Laughing Boy was sent to a reform school...
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
IT'S LAUGHING BOY AGAIN!
IF I KNOW THAT LAUGHTER, HE'S BEEN CAUSING TROUBLE AGAIN!
UGHH! HE BRAINED HIS ROOMMATE WITH A HAMMER!
HA-HA-HA!
HE'S A KILLER ALL RIGHT!
Later on, after escaping from prison, Laughing Boy's grim sense of humor took an even more menacing tone. Then, one day...
HA-HA-HA-HA!
IT'S THE BOSS!
YEAH! HE'S GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR US! I KNOW THAT LAUGH!
WHAT IS IT THIS TIME, BOSS?
I'VE JUST BEEN READING THE PAPER! IT SEEMS THERE'S A YOUNG STUDENT...
...AT THE LEE SCHOOL, WHO HAS A REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF MOVIE STAR AUTOGRAPHS! I'M SOMETHING OF AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR MYSELF! HA-HA-HA! WE'LL VISIT THE LEE SCHOOL... AT ONCE!
Meanwhile, at the Lee School, Steve Rogers is giving a lecture to a class in psychology...
AMONG THE MOST INTERESTING EXAMPLES OF THE ABNORMAL IS THE MAN WHO TAKES POSITIVE DELIGHT IN THE SUFFERING OF OTHERS!
HMMM! I NOTE A SINGULAR LACK OF INTEREST IN THE CLASSROOM, AND I THINK I KNOW THE REASON WHY! CLASS IS DISMISSED!

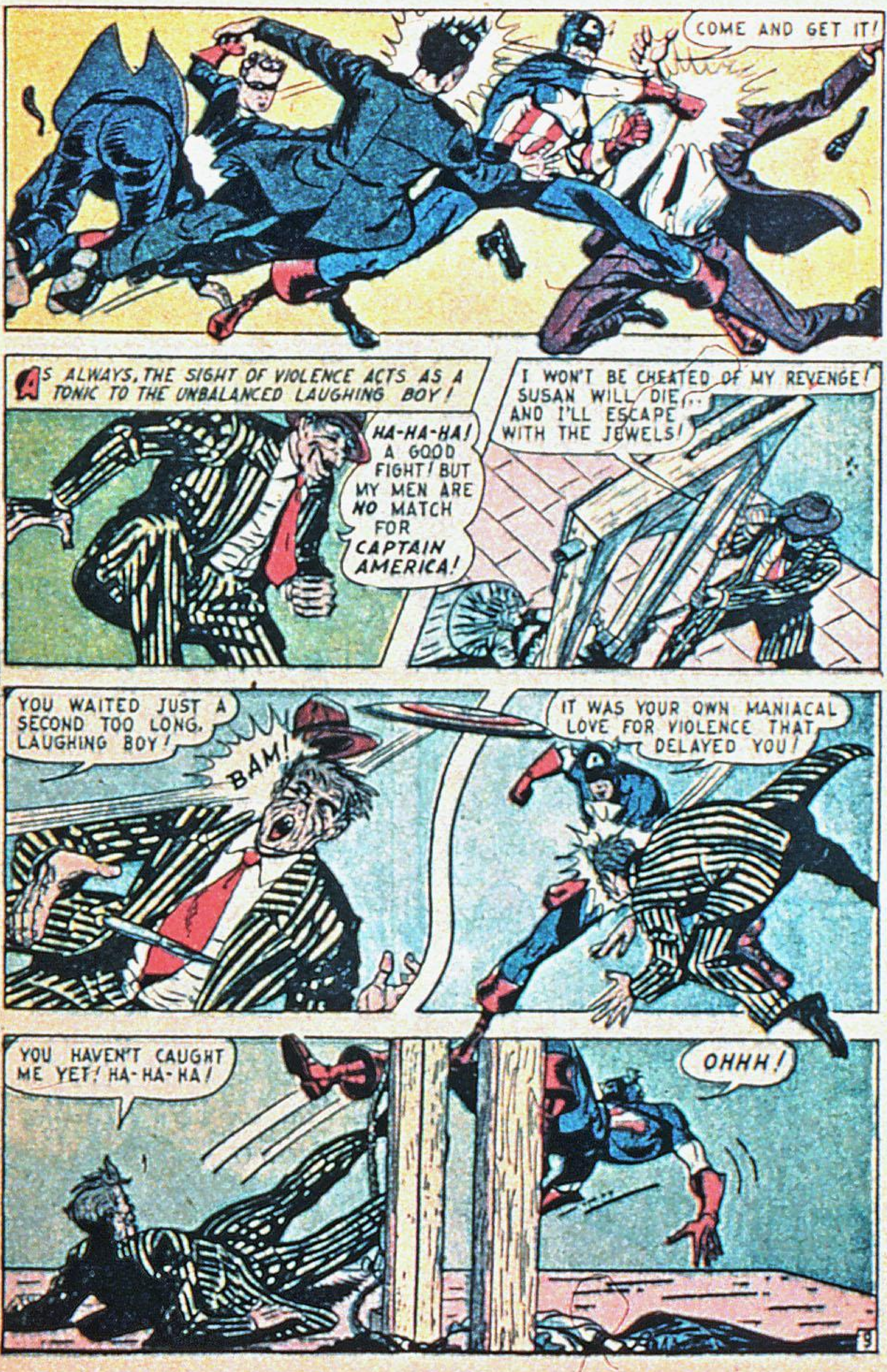

GOSH, STEVE! CAN YOU IMAGINE SUSAN DANE, THE FAMOUS MOVIE STAR, ACTUALLY COMING TO OUR SCHOOL?
BETTER GET YOUR AUTOGRAPH BOOK! YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS GETTING *HER* AUTOGRAPH FOR YOUR COLLECTION!
AFTER ALL, SHE'S THE LEE SCHOOL'S MOST FAMOUS GRADUATE!
I'LL SAY! I'M GOING TO GET MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK RIGHT NOW AND BE PREPARED!
SUDDENLY!
HEY, STEVE! THOSE GUYS ARE *STEALING* MY *AUTOGRAPH BOOK!*
LET'S GO, BUCKY!
YAHOO!
CAPTAIN AMERICA! HA-HA!
IN SWIFT SECONDS...
THEIR LEADER LOOKED LIKE *LAUGHING BOY!* HE'S WANTED BY THE POLICE!
HE *WON'T* BE LAUGHING WHEN *I'M* THROUGH WITH HIM!
CRACK!
HA-HA
HA-HA-HA!
YOUR TURN IS NEXT, LAUGHING BOY!

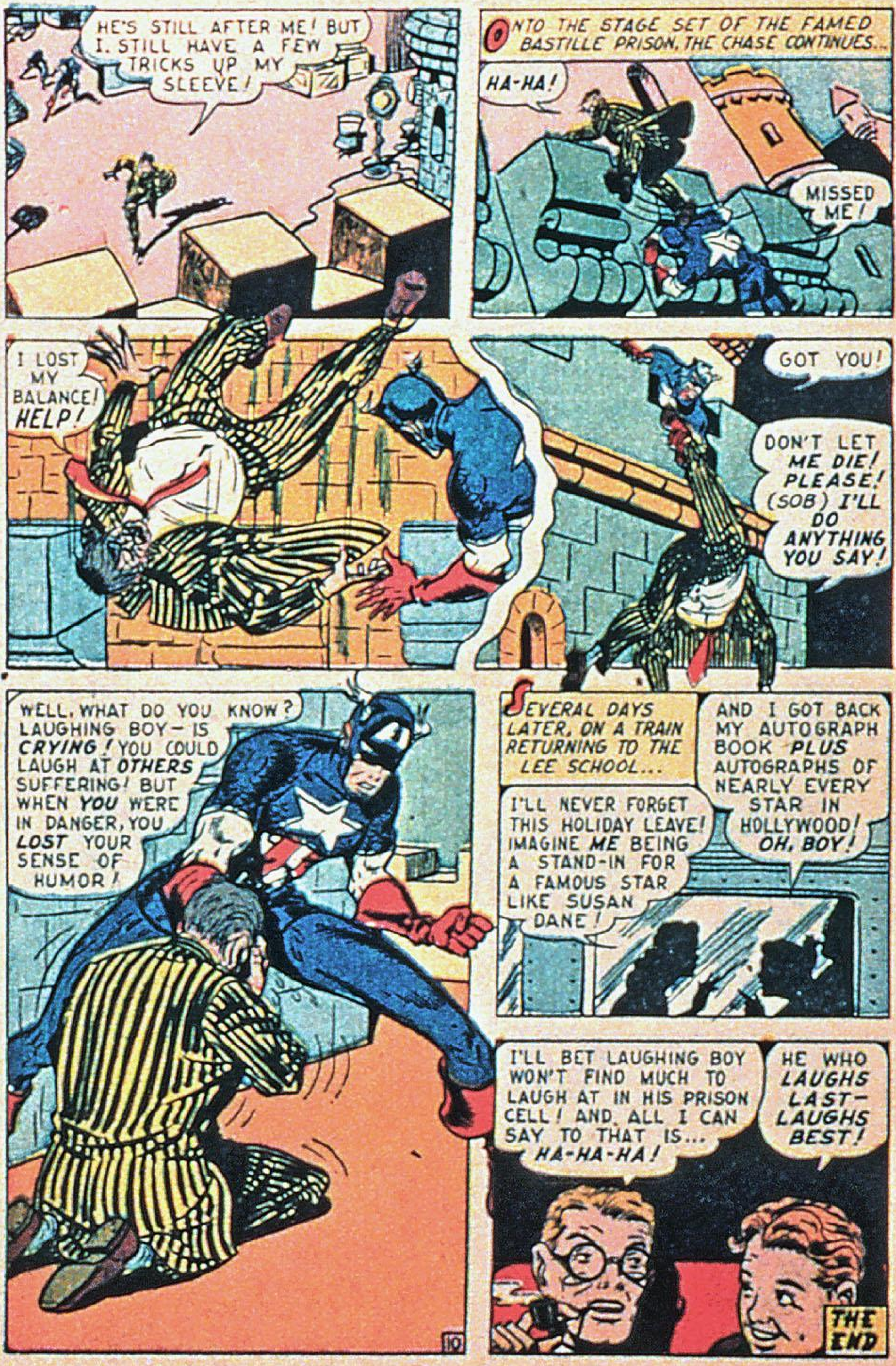

I LOVE VIOLENCE, MY DEAR CAPTAIN! BUT NOT WHEN IT IS APPLIED TO MY OWN PERSON! HA-HA!
WHA...?
S'LONG, SUCKER!
BANG!
I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT! YOU MURDERER!
BLINDED BY RAGE, BUCKY IS AN EASY VICTIM OF LAUGHING BOY!
HA-HA-HA-HA!
AS LAUGHING BOY AND HIS HENCHMEN PASS THE LEE SCHOOL...
THE GIRL IN THAT CAR! IT'S SUSAN!
SHE BETRAYED ME ONCE! I VOWED TO GET REVENGE... AND I WILL!
WAIT, BOSS! THAT'S SUSAN DANE — THE MOVIE STAR!
HA-HA-HA! REMEMBER ME, SUSAN?
A MADMAN! HE'S TRYING TO KILL HER!
OHHH!
USING HER SPIKED SHOE AS A WEAPON, BETSY ROSS BEATS OFF LAUGHING BOY'S MANIACAL ATTACK!
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
LET HER GO!


C'MON, BOSS! THE COPS WILL BE HERE ANY SECOND! YOU STIRRED UP TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT!
SHE HIT ME! **BOTH** OF THEM WILL PAY FOR THIS!
AFTER LAUGHING BOY DISAPPEARS...
THAT HORRIBLE MAN! HE'LL COME AFTER ME AGAIN!
DON'T WORRY! YOU'RE SAFE NOW!
MEANWHILE...
FEELING BETTER, CAP? I THOUGHT THAT BULLET HAD YOUR NAME ON IT!
JUST GRAZED ME, BUCKY! BUT IT WAS A CLOSE CALL!
I WISH I KNEW **WHY** LAUGHING BOY WANTED TO STEAL AN AUTOGRAPH BOOK!
WE'LL PROBABLY GET THE ANSWER SOONER THAN WE THINK!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
HERE'S AN ITEM, BUCKY! **TWO** FAMOUS MOVIE STARS VISITING THIS CITY HAVE BEEN ROBBED BY CROOKS WHO COUNTERFEITED THEIR SIGNATURES ON CHECKS!
LET ME READ THAT!
STEVE, **I HAD THOSE SIGNATURES** IN MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK!
THAT'S WHY LAUGHING BOY WAS AFTER YOUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION! SO FAR, HE'S ONLY ROBBED CELEBRITIES WHO VISITED OUR CITY!
BUT IF HE'S AS CLEVER AS I THINK HE IS, HIS **NEXT MOVE** WILL BE TO THE **CITY OF CELEBRITIES... HOLLYWOOD!**
WE HAVE A TWO WEEK HOLIDAY COMING AND I ALWAYS DID WANT TO SEE HOLLYWOOD!
6


LATER...
IT'LL BE TOUGH TO BREAK THE NEWS TO BETSY ROSS! SHE WAS COUNTING ON SPENDING HER VACATION WITH US!
YEAH!
STARTING TO PACK ALREADY, BETSY?
YES, STEVE! I'M SORRY I CAN'T GO WITH YOU! SUSAN DANE ASKED ME TO SPEND MY VACATION WITH HER!
I'M GOING TO HOLLYWOOD!
SOMETIME LATER, THE FOLLOWING ITEM APPEARS IN A HOLLYWOOD NEWSPAPER...
FINAL HOLLYWOOD STAR
SUSAN DANE TO STAR IN MILLION DOLLAR EPIC
FILM OF FRENCH REVOLUTION WILL FEATURE FAMED MARIE ANTOINETTE JEWELS!
ON THE MOVIE SET...
HEY, STEVE! THERE'S BETSY ROSS! IS SHE IN THIS PICTURE TOO?
DIRECTOR
BETSY IS JUST ACTING AS SUSAN DANE'S "STAND-IN"! AS SOON AS THEY GET THE CAMERAS AND LIGHTING THE WAY THEY WANT THEM, SUSAN DANE WILL TAKE HER PLACE FOR THE ACTUAL SCREENING!
SUSAN DANE WILL BE WEARING THE REAL MARIE ANTOINETTE JEWELS, WON'T SHE?
THAT'S RIGHT! THESE MOVIE CZARS DON'T SPARE EXPENSE WHEN MAKING A PICTURE!
THOSE JEWELS ARE WORTH OVER A MILLION DOLLARS!


AT THIS MOMENT, LAUGHING BOY GAINS ENTRANCE TO SUSAN DANE'S DRESSING ROOM...
YOU!
HA-HA-HA! SURPRISED TO SEE ME?
I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME! BUT MY REVENGE WILL BE DOUBLY SWEET! THESE JEWELS... AND YOUR LIFE!
OHHH!
SHE FAINTED! HA-HA-HA! MY DEAR SUSAN WILL PLAY HER ROLE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE TO THE DEATH!
AND AS STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES WANDER BACKSTAGE...
STEVE, LOOK!
IT'S LAUGHING BOY!
A QUICK CHANGE AND CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY VAULT INTO ACTION!
HE'S TRYING TO GUILLOTINE SUSAN DANE!
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WHA...?
I KEPT MY MEN NEARBY IN CASE OF TROUBLE! NOW IS THE TIME! HA-HA!
8


COME AND GET IT!
AS ALWAYS, THE SIGHT OF VIOLENCE ACTS AS A TONIC TO THE UNBALANCED LAUGHING BOY!
HA-HA-HA! A GOOD FIGHT! BUT MY MEN ARE NO MATCH FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!
I WON'T BE CHEATED OF MY REVENGE! SUSAN WILL DIE... AND I'LL ESCAPE WITH THE JEWELS!
YOU WAITED JUST A SECOND TOO LONG, LAUGHING BOY!
BAM!
IT WAS YOUR OWN MANIACAL LOVE FOR VIOLENCE THAT DELAYED YOU!
YOU HAVEN'T CAUGHT ME YET! HA-HA-HA!
OHHH!


HE'S STILL AFTER ME! BUT I. STILL HAVE A FEW TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE!
ONTO THE STAGE SET OF THE FAMED BASTILLE PRISON, THE CHASE CONTINUES...
HA-HA!
MISSED ME!
I LOST MY BALANCE! HELP!
GOT YOU!
DON'T LET ME DIE! PLEASE! (SOB) I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? LAUGHING BOY—IS CRYING! YOU COULD LAUGH AT OTHERS SUFFERING! BUT WHEN YOU WERE IN DANGER, YOU LOST YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR!
10
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, ON A TRAIN RETURNING TO THE LEE SCHOOL...
AND I GOT BACK MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK PLUS AUTOGRAPHS OF NEARLY EVERY STAR IN HOLLYWOOD! OH, BOY!
I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS HOLIDAY LEAVE! IMAGINE ME BEING A STAND-IN FOR A FAMOUS STAR LIKE SUSAN DANE!
I'LL BET LAUGHING BOY WON'T FIND MUCH TO LAUGH AT IN HIS PRISON CELL! AND, ALL I CAN SAY TO THAT IS... HA-HA-HA!
HE WHO LAUGHS LAST—LAUGHS BEST!
THE END

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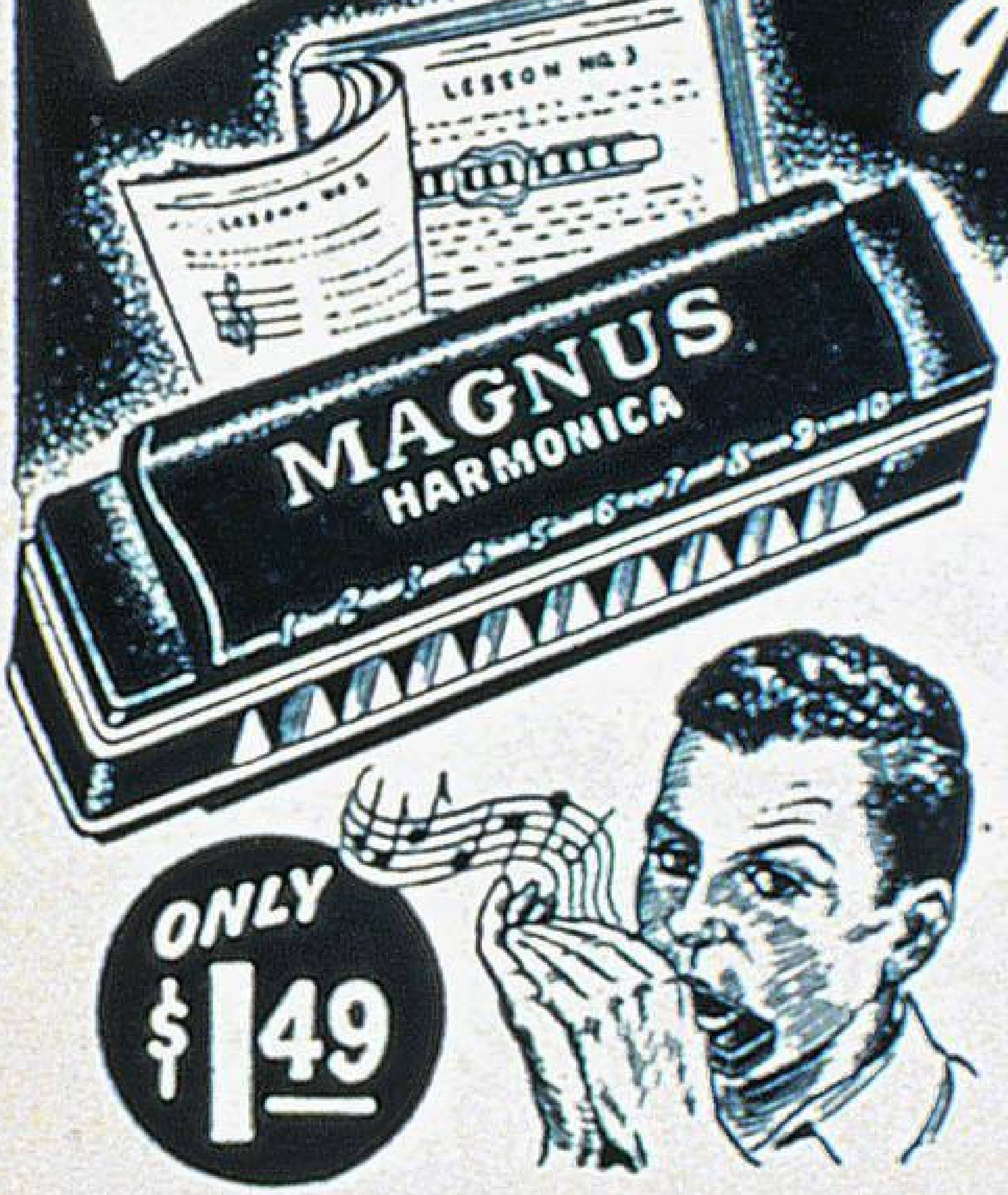

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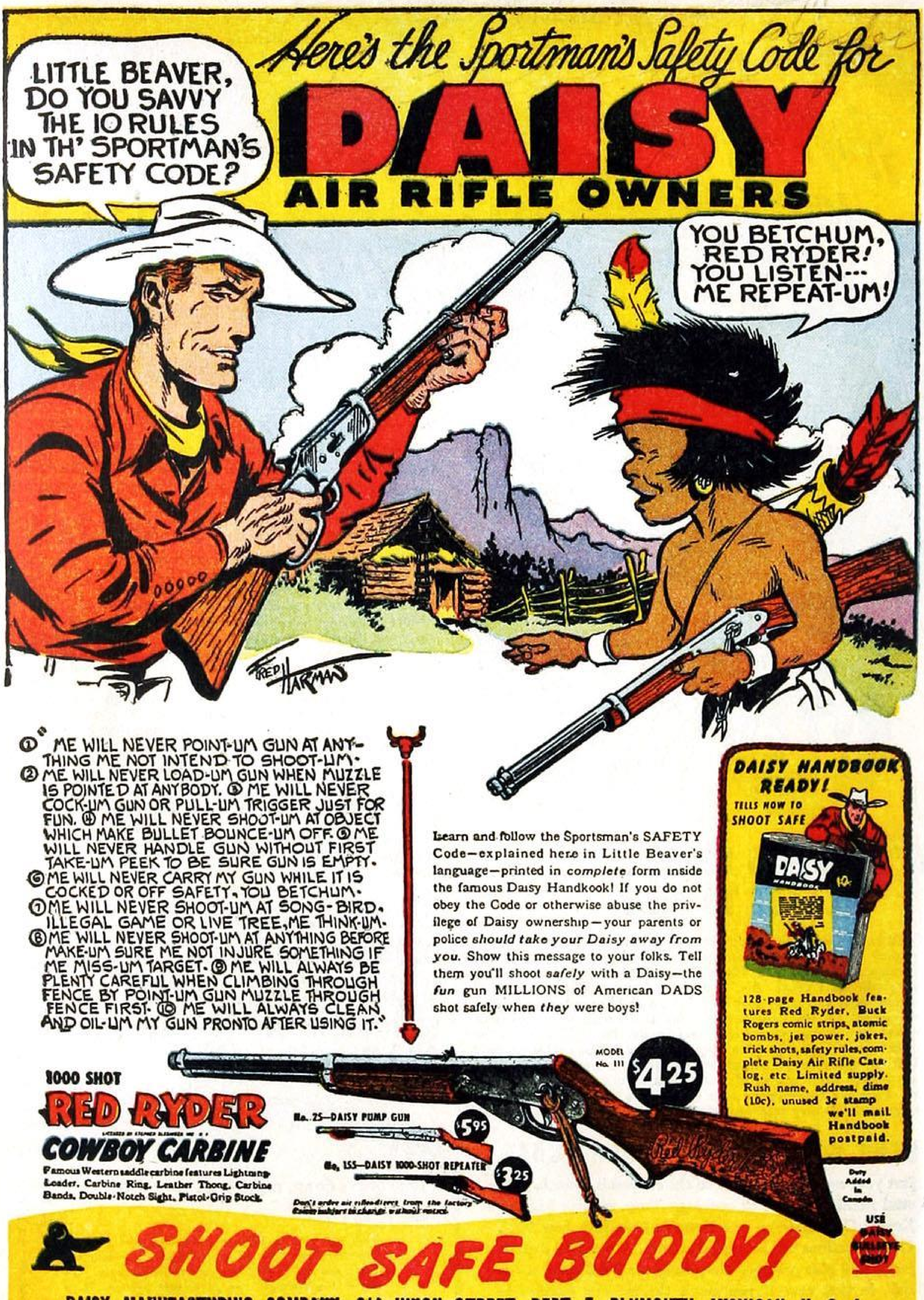
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